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THE DURHAM SCHOOL

Bishop Kilgo at the Religious Training School

DR. SHEPARD'S ONWARD MARCH

FATHERHOOD OF GOD. SOCIALISM AND MOB LAW.

Durham, N. C., July 24.—The summer school and chautauqua of the National Religious Training School be among the same class of educational features has now reached the position where it can justly claim to be among the same class of educational movements in the race. The past week's program was an exceptional one. Nearly every day students and visitors are arriving from various sections of the country.

"The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man" was the doctrine preached by Bishop Kilgo last Tuesday evening. This address was one of the most inspiring, able and courageous examples of higher manhood ever heard in this city. Socialism, mob law, and all the political evils that are the product of men imbued with the spirit of political aggrandisement were assailed by him. The fundamental principles of civilization were so depicted by him that it was clearly evident, as defined by his utterances, that the exigencies of these things require a rebuilding. We have got to recast many of our political doctrines and revise some of our fundamental conceptions of this civilization. We must first of all revise our ideas of the basis of our democratic government," said the Bishop in pointing out the many fallacies and weaknesses of this government.

"He took such a manly stand concerning the rights of every man that he elicited pronounced applause from his large audience. He said that so far as the physical, mental and moral attainments of a man were concerned, no two men were equal, but every man is endowed with a divine right which every man should respect. The conceit of individuals worshipping the idea of individual sovereignty, he said, placed the government in such a position that it is likely to explode.

"What we want is the kind of leadership that will lead, not demagogues," was among the strong utterances of this great and liberal white bishop in speaking of the aims and purposes of the Religious Training School. The low level of suffrage was assailed by the speaker. He was given an ovation at the conclusion of his address, which was followed by a few remarks by President Few, of Trinity College.

Last Thursday morning in the Avery Auditorium of the institution an unusual scene at this school was enacted. The occasion was the farewell lecture by Dr. W. Y. Chapman, of Newark, N. J., one of the greatest preachers in America and a profound scholar and a true type of the old abolitionist stock. Men and women in the audience shed tears when this broad-hearted servant of God gave his parting words. The profound wholesome lectures which were scholarly; practical teaching; the personality of the man, with his deep feeling of respect for every man, be he plebeian or patrician, effectively reached everyone who heard him. He entered the very soul of his attentive audiences that came to hear him during the entire week he was here.

"The By-Products of Christianity" was the interesting subject of the last lecture of this noted theologian who stood squarely on the race question and never once failed to register his conviction upon a number of things touching upon the proper recognition of the Negro as a factor in life and to be given every opportunity guaranteed a citizen.

One could not help from applauding the man when he made plain one's relation to one's neighbor. After giving one of the most instructive talks ever heard here on such a subject, he exclaimed in no uncertain tones that his religion was such that he treated all men as his brothers

and God as the Father of all. He advanced a number of timely suggestions to the men in the audience and cited certain cases he noted while the guest of Judge Allen. He said that he saw the necessity for the proper kind of leadership for the uplift of the Negro race and from the talk with Judge Allen he had deduced the thought that if an organization was formed for the civic uplift of the Negro folk on the plan of such societies for men as found in the Episcopal and Presbyterian Churches the entire country would receive inestimable good from such a movement. He said that he had talked the matter over with President Shepard and Archdeacon W. G. Avant, D.D.

Dr. S. N. Vass, secretary of the colored work of the American Baptist Publication Society, and considered as one of the leading Bible students in the race, is giving a series of lectures which will end Wednesday night. In several of his lectures he touched upon the origin of the races and at length discussed the origin of the Negro race. He advanced a number of ideas which showed his ability to grasp the essentials of the various books of the Bible discussed by him. He does all of his work by the use of the blackboard. His easy manner of presenting the Bible to his audience showed that he has spent years in research work and has had an intelligent preparation for the work he is doing for the race and the American Baptist Publication Society.

The entertainment given by the ladies attending the school for indigent and worthy students of the summer school was a decided success. Mrs. Scott, of Washington, D. C., was the prime factor in this liberal event and was assisted by the wife of Professor Smith and other ladies.

NOT A SPITTOON WASHER

Hot Shots from Jackson Editor of The Bee:

It seems that the spittoon business has the effect of producing in the mind of Mr. J. C. Cunningham the blind, unreasoning rage of that of a red flag being flaunted before a bull. In his blind rage he says "I see nothing worthy of notice in Mr. Jackson's letter except the paragraph about the big ball of exhortation." To quote from a famous ad, "There's a reason" for Mr. Cunningham's not seeing anything else worth mentioning, and the reason is that that "little epistle" was so chock full of plain, unanswerable facts that he could not get around them, so he tried to jump over them. Now, it so happens that I am not as Mr. Cunningham terms it "a professional Negro Republican spittoon washer," nor have I ever sought to be. But I sincerely sympathize with those good Democratic friends of Mr. Cunningham who do happen to hold down jobs as spittoon washers; for they cannot help but feel deeply humiliated in having a self-constituted champion who will belittle their occupation in trying to ridicule facts that he is unable to answer.

You are right, Mr. Editor. It is amusing as well as ridiculous to hear colored men declare for the Democratic party. And I hope that Mr. Cunningham thoroughly digested the editorial extract from the Gazetteer and Monthly Magazine as reproduced in the editorial columns of The Bee last week. Especially that part in which a sorrowing, disappointed Negro Democratic editor bemoans his folly and says "Negro Democracy has been humiliated and embarrassed by the present leaders of the present Congress; not a single appointment has been given to Negro Democracy, not even a messenger's position has been given to a Negro residing outside the City of Washington.

Republican Congressmen are to be congratulated and commended in their fight to retain all of the Republican Negro messengers in the various committees, otherwise white men from the South would have taken their places. But I am afraid that such convincing language, even from a Negro Democrat, will not penetrate the brain of Mr. Cunningham, for,



JUDGE THOMAS H. ANDERSON
One of the Most Dignified Judges of the Supreme Court—Trustee of Howard University

DISTRICT DELEGATES A VALUABLE MAN

DISTRICT DELEGATES FOR TAFT

District Republicans United

The Republicans of the District of Columbia are for the renomination and election of President Taft. The District of Columbia elects two national delegates and two alternates. It is quite evident that the District delegation will be solid for President Taft. President Taft has been extremely friendly toward the Republicans of this city. There are two well-known Republicans spoken of for National Committeemen—Dr. Richardson, of South Washington, and Mr. Chapin Brown.

Dr. Richardson is one of the most popular men in this city, and is quite evident that he would make a good Committeeman. Then, again, Dr. Richardson is the president of the National Pharmaceutical Association of the United States, which has a great deal of influence throughout the country. The solid District delegation is for President Taft.

As The Bee has well said in that able editorial entitled "Negro Democracy," "There must be insanity in the Negro Democrat. Certainly nothing but insane beings would support those who abuse them. There is no difference between an insane person and a Negro Democrat. An insane person will attack his best friend." So there you are! I might argue until Doomsday, "but what's the use?" In the light of the revelation just quoted from The Bee, it would be just a waste of words. And so far as I am concerned the argument is closed.

James Conway Jackson.

TEACHING THE LOWLY

Mr. M. C. Maxfield, who devotes his entire time to religious work Sundays, addressed the Sabbath School of Mt. Moriah Baptist Church last Sunday morning and gave a very instructive talk. For twenty minutes he interested the teachers and children. There is no religious worker in the city any more devoted to the welfare of the lowly in the alleys than Mr. Maxfield. He deserves credit for the work that he is doing among his people. He is a sincere Christian and a hard worker for the uplift of his people.

He makes a pilgrimage in different sections of the city every Sunday. His talks are beneficial and instructive.

MRS. A. M. CURTIS IN CAL.

Oakland, Cal., July 18.—Mrs. A. M. Curtis is here and is one of the most popular visitors on the Pacific Coast. The Washington school teachers are having a fine time here and every attention is paid them. They all will leave for Los Angeles Saturday. Master Murrell Curtis is accompanying his mother.

DR. JAS. E. SHEPARD AND THE N. R. T. SCHOOL AT DURHAM

From the Charlotte Advertiser.

Dr. Shepard, as head of the National Religious Training School, at Durham, N. C., is engaged in a work that is attracting the attention of the entire country. Dr. Shepard in his work for the International Sabbath School Committee, made a profound impression on all Christian workers while lecturing in the interests of the Sunday School.

This service gave the public some conception of the value of the man, and at the same time gave the man an opportunity to study at first hand and over a wide area the needs of our people—their excellences and their deficiencies.

Out of the fullness of an active brain the N. R. T. School has sprung into being.

Instead of having himself endowed to cover the country with lectures on the Negro's deficiencies, Dr. Shepard has had the wisdom to organize an institution of learning for the purpose of transforming these deficiencies into proficiencies.

As to the personnel of the summer school instruction force, the top-notchers are here. The Negro is in the midst of the highest civilization on the globe, and Dr. Shepard is aware of the fact that the race needs instruction from men whose powers nearest approach that of angels and gods.

The school needs make no apology for existence, nor have fear as to continuance. Though infantile in age, gigantic in aims.

WHAT ONE HOWARD MAN IS DOING

Every intelligent member of our race must feel an interest in the educational work that is now being carried on throughout the Southland by the hundreds of capable and earnest young colored men and women who are themselves the product of our best equipped schools, North and South. This army of energetic and educated young colored people are yearly lifting a little higher the level of life among the less fortunate of our race, and their work is one of the really indispensable in the fight we are making toward substantial progress.

In the very front rank of this class of men is Mr. William E. Benson, of Alabama, whose substantial work in establishing an industrial school for colored boys and girls at his home in Kowaliga is more widely known throughout New York and New England than around Washington. Mr. Benson is a college graduate of Howard University, and chose as his life work this particular field of service in the immediate neighborhood of his native home. Through many discouragements he has succeeded in es-

tablishing a school that reflects great credit not alone upon his own courage and ability, but also upon the earnest co-operation of those whom he sought to help. Mr. Benson has many friends and acquaintances in Washington who will be glad to know that he is to stop here on Sunday, the 30th instant, on his way North, with a company of singers selected from the students at his school, and they will appear before Washington audiences at the following places during the day:

At the 11 a.m. service at the Zion Baptist Church, F street between Third and Four-and-a-half streets southwest; Rev. W. J. Howard.

At the Christian Endeavor services of the Plymouth Congregational Ch., corner 17th and P streets northwest, at 6.30 p.m.; Rev. A. C. Garner.

At the evening service, 7.30 o'clock at the Shiloh Baptist Church, L street northwest, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth streets; Rev. J. Milton Waldron.

Mr. Benson will briefly relate the history of his school at Kowaliga, and his troupe will render a few of their musical selections. The public are cordially invited to all of these services.

DIRECTORS ASKED FOR A NEGRO DEPARTMENT

Booker T. Washington and Men of His Race Want to Be Represented in 1915

San Francisco, Cal., July 19.—Application has been made to the directors of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition Company by widely known Negroes, including Booker T. Washington, Bishop C. H. Phillips and Bishop H. M. Turner, for permission to install a Negro department in the exposition of 1915. Embodied in the application is a request that the department be officered and conducted by Negroes under the supervision of the officials of the exposition company. Instead of being local in its scope, as in the case of the Atlanta and Jamestown expositions, it is suggested that the Negro department of the San Francisco exposition be international in scope.

W. H. Holman, of Los Angeles, who filed a petition for the formation of such a department, writes:

"We think the Negro has produced some creditable results as a direct expression of his intellect, and he will be benefited by comparison of his work with that of other more favored races. We suggest the creation and support of this department as one means of teaching and drawing to the exposition many thousands who are interested in questions sociological, ethnological and industrial, who might not be reached through other channels, as there are hundreds and thousands of people who will see in the exposition the answer to the question: 'What has the Negro done with a half century of freedom?'"

MUST BE BORN AGAIN

Eloquent Sermon of Rev. W. D. Jarvis There is no divine in this city who is making greater headway in the Christian ministry than Rev. W. D. Jarvis. For eloquence and logic he cannot be surpassed. At the Nineteenth Street Baptist Church last Sunday morning the rising young divine occupied the pulpit in the absence of Rev. Walter H. Brooks, who is away on his vacation. His text was John third chapter and seventh verse. His eloquence, logic and applications of comparisons were most interesting.

There is not a more interesting or logical talker in the city. His admonition to those who are sinners was the parable of Nicodemus.

The singing by the choir was a feature of the service. Rev. Mr. Walker assisted in the services. A large collection was raised for the pastor's salary. Such a learned man in the Scriptures as is Rev. Jarvis would make a good assistant to Rev. Brooks, who is certainly in need of help.

The Nineteenth Street congregation is growing, and the appointment of Rev. Jarvis would be a great acquisition to the church.

PARAGRAPHIC NEWS

Important News Happenings of the Week

DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTEREST

(By Miss G. B. Maxfield.)

Cleveland, Ohio, celebrated last week the one hundred and fifteenth anniversary of the city's founding. The cornerstones of the new City Hall and the Tuberculosis Hospital were laid with appropriate ceremonies.

One of the biggest hospitals in the world is "The Pitie" in Paris, which has recently been opened. It contains 988 beds and has thirty-two buildings. It was started in 1905, and has cost \$2,200,000.

Postmaster Merritt has promulgated the following order: "Superintendents and clerks in charge of stations accepting mail for registration will see that the name of the sender and addressee is legibly and correctly written.

The camp bed of Napoleon I, which General Bertrand brought to France, was sold at auction. The bed bears the imperial crown, together with the name of its maker. Although it has been through many hands since 1821, there seems to be no doubt as to its authenticity.

Joseph A. Weeks, who was a member of the military staff of Gen. Stonewall Jackson, died last week of old age.

In Charleston, S. C., on King street there has been opened and operated by colored men a 5- and 10-cent store.

Over 200 colored students, mostly from the South, are attending the Chicago University.

Rumor has it that Mrs. A. J. Cooper, former principal of the M-Street High School, will return in September as a teacher of Latin in said school.

Any army officer who, through ill-naturedness or other cause is regarded as temperamentally disqualified for duty, will face retirement to make room for others possessed of the attributes of leaders of men.

In London it is hotter than it has been for five years. Last week it was 88 in the shade. There is danger of an ice famine there.

Mrs. Mary V. Barney, who was a nurse in General Grant's army, died last week. She knew many prominent persons on both sides. At the time of her death she was seventy years old.

Wilberforce University conferred upon Dr. M. F. Wheatland, of Newport, R. I., the degree of LL.D., and upon Rev. William H. Thomas the degree of D.D.

August first the United States Patent Office will be 122 years old.

According to statistics, only one person in 100,000 is killed by lightning, and the most dangerous buildings to be in during thunder-storms are barns, sheds and warehouses. Churches and schools appear to be safer than dwellings, stores and office buildings.

It is said Mound Bayou, Miss, the Negro town, is at the mercy of white ruffians. A white ruffian shot five times into a Negro barber shop. Negro officers dare not arrest a white man who violates the law. They have to phone to Cleveland, the county seat, for protection.

According to the Boston Herald, a competitive examination was held in Boston for detective and fire inspector on the 28th of June. It is hoped some colored men took advantage of the opportunity.

LOCAL NURSES.

The local nurses are sparing no pains in their efforts to make their convention which convenes in this city August 15, 16 and 17, a crowning success. A very interesting program has been prepared. Everyone is invited to the afternoon and evening sessions.

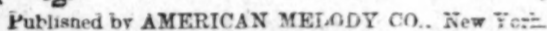
Read The Bee

Im Volkston

English version by Dr. TH. BAKER.

Very slowly. To be sung softly-throughout.
Sehr langsam, durchweg mit leiser Stimme.

EUGEN HILDACH. 62. 63. 64. 65.



For sale by Golde berg Deparment store, W. T. & F. B. Weaver
I Small Armentrout & Son

READ THE BEE.

looking at the calendar. The conditions were shameful, worse than in many European cities." The applause was scattered.

The violent wind and hail storm which swept Lee County, Ala., caused damages estimated at \$150,000, and

practically every vestige of growing crops was destroyed.

John P. Jones, the noted Welsh composer and vocalist, died in Chicago last week at the age of 88 years. He died while singing one of his favorite hymns.

A BLIGHT

By ELIZABETH WEED

Edith Wilton combined two marked contradictions. She possessed a lovable disposition, but when she was a baby, through the carelessness of a nurse, she fell and cut her lip, producing a wound that in healing left a scar, giving a very disagreeable expression to her face.

Edith could see in the faces of those she met a repugnance occasioned by her expression. At first she tried to obviate this effect by smiling, but she saw at once by the further recoil of the one looking at her that she was only heightening the disagreeable impression. Such physical blights usually have one of two effects, either the blighted person is unconscious of the defect or becomes painfully sensitive concerning it. Edith was of the latter class. She would not go to the social gatherings of her own age. More and more she shrank within herself. Then, becoming conscious that in being a recluse she would be forced into a life of selfishness, she began to devote herself to the poor.

She had friends, girl friends, who sought to draw her out socially. Confidence between young girls is close, while that between opposite sexes, especially at that age, is distant. The young men who met Edith looked upon the expression on her face and turned away with a shrug. Her girl friends had a better opportunity to learn what there was under the misleading expression. When one of her chums was married she insisted on Edith being her bridesmaid. Edith demurred, but her friend would not excuse her.

At the wedding the bridesmaid, looking up suddenly, saw the eyes of a young man she had never seen riveted upon her and without that repelled expression she was accustomed to see. The man was a recent graduate of a medical school. The reason why his face did not reflect any disagreeable expression at her defect was because, being a practitioner, he was used to controlling his features when treating his patients.

But Edith did not know this. She knew only that a man with a kindly face was looking at her without any reference to her defect. And when Dr. Allan Emerson requested an introduction and was presented to her heart fairly bounded within her. Not for an instant while he chatted with her did he seem conscious of her blight. And she, being made to feel that it was inconsequential, rose above it so far as to display the real attractiveness and worth that were in her.

And yet the reason of the young doctor's desire to make her acquaintance was that very defect. He had been observing her before she had noticed him and with a professional eye had been watching the effect of her scar upon the various expressions that flitted across her face. Some physicians, rough in manner, though they may be invaluable helpers to the afflicted, would not have scrupled to betray the real object of their interest. Emerson was of a different kind. He not only concealed his own thoughts for professional reasons, but from an innate sense of delicacy.

Whatever be the exact analysis of his feelings, the act produced a marked impression upon Edith Wilton. A man whose personnel, whose bearing, was far above the average had not only failed to show any repugnance at her defect, but had asked to be introduced to her and chatted with her, displaying unusual interest in her without seeming to be conscious that there was any difference between her and other girls, unless to her advantage. But when he asked her if he might not call upon her the cup of her delight was full.

A few months after the meeting Dr. Emerson asked Edith to be his wife. When she had accepted him he mentioned for the first time her defect, letting her know that he believed he could remove at least its effects.

"Why," said Edith, "didn't you remove it before proposing to me?" "Because, sweetheart," he replied, "these stupid men who have been passing you by would have learned of your real worth, and the field would have been full of rivals."

There was more in her eyes than in her words when she replied, "You know very well that none of them were to be feared by you."

But Edith dreaded lest in case an operation were not successful her lover might find himself tied through life to a blighted woman and unhappiness for both would result. She therefore insisted on having the operation performed and if the trouble were removed the marriage to take place afterward. Dr. Emerson demurred to this, saying that whether the operation were or were not a success he would not give her up. Both stood firmly on the ground that they had taken, but the man, since the result would be the same to him in any event, finally yielded.

The operation was merely a matter of delicate handling, its only object being to produce a certain result of facial expression. Dr. Emerson performed it himself, covering the wound he made with a piece of skin from the arm of another person. When the whole had healed and the bandages were removed, though the scar remained, the expression on the face had entirely changed.

Dr. Emerson is facetious in his remarks upon how he kept rivals from the girl he wanted and whom as his wife he considers a treasure.

A Ring at The Doorbell

By LOUISE IDA ROSS

Mr. and Mrs. Trevor were sitting one October evening before a blazing wood fire—they had not yet lighted the furnace—and the room was aglow and redolent with the pleasant odor of burning wood. The children had been romping, Mr. Trevor carrying Bennie pigback and Willie on all fours, but their mother had now taken them all, including the girls, up to bed, tucked them in, kissed them good night and had returned with her sewing, which she was doing by the big lamp on the table, while Mr. Trevor read a magazine.

There was a ring at the bell. Now, for many years there was something in the ring of his doorbell that cast a sober look over Samuel Trevor's face. But to explain the reason for this it is necessary to go back to the time when he was a very young man.

When he was but eighteen his father, who was a lumber merchant, sent his son to a lumber camp that he might learn the business which would one day be his, from the beginning. There is danger to all persons of that age of inexperience and recklessness that they may make a mess of it, and on that account it is a bad plan to take them away from young girls of their own social circle and place them among their inferiors. And where would a young man of refinement find people more his inferiors than in a lumber camp? Among the girls there was Madge Hopkins, the daughter of a lumberman, several years older than Trevor, who lured him into indiscretions with her, then threatened him with vengeance if he refused to marry her. He did so, but immediately left the camp.

An effort was made to annul the marriage, but it was unsuccessful. Then the woman offered to refrain from troubling her husband if his father would support her. Remittances were sent regularly for a season, when suddenly a newspaper was received containing a notice of her death. No doubt was felt of the truth of the notice when several years had passed and, no remittances having been sent, no demand was made for them.

Twelve years after the conclusion of this episode Samuel Trevor married Agatha Beach. He told her all about it before being engaged to her, not expressing a doubt that his first wife was dead. "You may be sure of that," said Agatha, "or she would be drawing the lifeblood out of you." Nevertheless Trevor, having had nothing but the death notice to prove to him Madge Hopkins' demise, never felt absolutely sure. And that was the reason why a certain dread was connected with the ringing of his doorbell.

A maid in a neat uniform of black and white went to the door, and the wife and husband heard a woman's coarse voice ask for Mr. Trevor. Then, without waiting to be announced, the caller brushed past the maid and into the sitting room.

"Hello, Sam!" she said. Trevor put his hands to his face and trembled. It was Madge Hopkins, and, judging from her appearance, she had been growing coarser with every year.

Mrs. Trevor ran to her husband and put her arms about him as if to shield him from the blow.

"Y' wouldn't be afraid o' me," said the woman, "if you'll give me something to live on."

"Why did I receive that notice of your death?" faltered Trevor.

"I ain't got nothin' to do with that. I ain't got nothin' to live on. Send them remittances that was dropped and I'll let 'er alone."

"Mamma!" cried the oldest daughter, a girl of ten, from above. "What's the matter?"

"Leave your address and go," said Trevor, eager to get the woman out of the house before the children should learn who she was.

The address was given, and the woman went away. Then after a silence Mr. Trevor said:

"Don't worry on my account, dearie. My position is not pleasant, but what is it compared with the interest of you and the children? Be comforted. We will keep the secret. Send the remittances regularly and no one will be the wiser."

But Mrs. Trevor had no intention of letting the matter rest where it was. A shrewd woman, she believed that there had been some weak spot in Madge Hopkins' record which was accountable for the spurious death notice and the failure to claim the remittances.

It was but a week after this, when Trevor came home one evening from business, that his wife received him with a radiant countenance that boded good news. Taking him to a room where the children would not hear and closing the door, she said:

"It's all right. I put a detective on her track, and he has been here this afternoon to report. The woman has never been Madge Hopkins since you have known her. She was secretly married before you met her to a lumber shover—whatever that is—and, he drifting away, she took you in. But after you left he returned and claimed her. She lived with him; but, fearing if you appeared in their lives she would be tried for bigamy, she sent you the notice of her death, which she had inserted in a paper for the purpose, and gave up the remittances. Her husband has recently died, and she came back on you for support."

Feeling a Part

By REGINALD D. HAVEN

"I never did but one good act in my life," said the old counterfeiter. "There wasn't much credit in it to me, but it was productive of a lot of happiness to others. It occurred many years ago, and as I am now a very old man and have a very long, troubled life to look back upon, including several terms in the penitentiary, it stands out from the rest of my acts in odd contrast."

"It was in the summer of 1859 that several of us got together in a northern city and manufactured a number of twenty dollar counterfeit bills. As soon as we had finished the job we destroyed the outfit, divided the bills and started for different parts of the country to put them out on the public, my section being the south. Boarding one of the crack steamers of that day, I started for New Orleans. In order the better to impose on people I dressed myself in ministerial black and wore a white cravat. I had been an actor and could personate a clergyman, or any one else, for that matter, to perfection."

"The main cabin of the steamers running on the Mississippi river in those days, when the table was not set for meals, was occupied principally for gambling. Poker, seven-up, euchre and other games were played, though the parties playing were not large and often two persons only occupied a table. I was sitting on the guards one day when a negro came out of the cabin, wringing his hands."

"What's the matter, boy?" I asked. "Mars' done gone lose me to a nigger trader. Ma wife an' pickaninies won't nebber see me no mo'."

"I found that his master, a planter, had taken him to Cairo as his body servant, was returning, had lost all the money he had with him at cards, staked his dinky and lost him too. I went into the cabin, where the planter and the trader were settling up, the planter being at the moment occupied in making out a bill of sale for the slave."

"I beg your pardon, sir," I said to the planter. "On account of my vocation I am opposed, of course, to gambling in any form, but I dislike exceedingly the separation of families. I understand that you have lost your negro. I would be pleased to lend you the money to win him back."

"The gentleman accepted the offer. I brought out some new, crisp bills, just from the press, and the game started anew. It was euchre. I soon saw that the gambler could go on winning from the trader all day if he liked, for the former was perpetrating one of the commonest tricks on him—that is, 'turning jack.' In other words, when he dealt he would always turn up a knave for himself. Seeing this and other cheating, I interfered. I told him that I had learned the game before becoming a clergyman and insisted on taking the planter's place. Since I was backing the latter he was obliged to yield to me in the matter, which he did with a bad grace."

"I had not only learned the game before becoming a clergyman," but all the tricks that went with it and many other games. I walked into that card sharper in a way that opened his eyes. The negro at stake had followed me into the cabin and was standing watching the game with bulging eyes. It was hard for me to keep a straight face, playing as I was, a supposed minister of the gospel, with counterfeit money and doing as neat bits of thimble-rigging as had ever been practiced on that palatial steamboat. The negro trader was not a professional card sharper, though he didn't hesitate to cheat the planter, and never dreamed that the somber man before him in a motley white necktie was placing the cards exactly where he wanted them."

"Of course I soon won the dinky for his master. Then I arose from the table, delivered a homily on the sin of gambling and returned to the guards. I was followed by the planter, who said to me:

"Pe'mit me, suh, to say to yo' that yo're the first man of the cloth that has eveh obtained my unbounded respect, suh. Yo' have saved my boy, suh, from being separated from his wife and children, an act fo' which I would have been to blame. I have sufficient influence, suh, to control a call to the First Baptist church of —, Mississippi. If yo' will accept it it shall be yo's with a fat salary."

"I thanked the gentleman for his offer, but declined it. When we reached his landing he insisted so heartily upon my visiting him at his plantation that I consented."

"I was made welcome by his family, and the wife and children of the negro I had saved from the trader came to the house with tears in their eyes to thank me. I was a good looking young fellow in those days and could see that I made an impression on one of the planter's daughters. I had everything at my disposal to perpetrate any rascality I might choose. I could get the planter's indorsement, which would enable me to dispose of my 'green goods,' and I believed I could win his daughter."

"I did neither. For a brief season I enjoyed the sensation of being a fine fellow. During that time I permitted myself to feel the part just as an actor will feel the character he is personating. Then when it was over I departed, resisting with difficulty the reproachful look of the girl who favored me, and as soon as I was on another boat was again a dog of a counterfeiter."

THE GILA MONSTER

By DAVID WALTER CHURCH

Little Inez Basquemento, a Mexican girl I saw while engineering in the southwest, was a merry child (if she had been born in the north she would have been a child; but, being a Mexican, she was a woman). She might have been anywhere from fourteen to sixteen. She played the guitar and sang with a little birdlike voice, jabbered Spanish musically, danced, and her face wore a perpetual smile, which was for every one. But if any person attempted to gny her she would knit her brows and shrink away as though terrified. And once her confidence was lost by a bit of banter her good will could never be regained.

There was a young engineer engaged on the same work as myself out there, at the time fresh from one of the "Teck" schools of the northern states. He was twenty years old, handsome as a picture and as bright as a new brass button. What must he do but make love to Inez with all the recklessness of youth regardless of the consequences both to himself and her! I, who was older, saw his danger and warned him. I knew what was up, for in the evening when the day's work was over I would hear on the Basquemento veranda the twang of Inez's guitar, her little flute voice, her merry laughter mingled with sounds which I recognized as coming from Ben Eggleston, the young man who was sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind.

"You little fool," I would say to him, "don't you know that the girl is a rix-gling of child and woman—child in inexperience, woman in development; that she will fall in love with you and then—"

"I'll break it off at once," would be the young fellow's invariable reply. The boy fully intended to keep his resolution when it was made, but gave up trying to do so when it got cold. The next night I would hear the same pleasant sounds on the veranda and knew that they were breeding the same storm.

This went on till the work on that division was finished and we were about to move. Eggleston assured me there wouldn't be any trouble. The girl was such a child that he couldn't believe she had been attracted to him as she might have been if more of a woman. He was going away and would simply bid her goodbye as he would any other girl of immature years whose companion he had been.

"My advice to you," I said, "is to do no such thing. Go without saying anything about your going."

He didn't take my advice. The day before leaving he told her in a careless way that the engineering party to which he belonged was going to move its headquarters.

"And I will not see you again?" said the girl, her smile vanishing.

"Perhaps not," replied Ben, not thinking it wise to leave her to look forward to meeting him again. "You'll grow up soon and get married. Then you won't want any young men friends like me."

In order the better to kill in her all expectation of getting any nearer to him he told her he had a girl in the north.

That evening I met Inez carrying a cudgel in one hand and a canvas bag in the other. She wore the same innocent look she had always worn, but I noticed a peculiar glitter in her eye. There was something incongruous in a little girl's carrying a bludgeon, and, naturally fearful for Ben Eggleston, I could not help vaguely connecting the act with the jilting he was giving her. She passed me without looking back, and, taking position behind a tree, I watched her.

She went along, looking about her on the ground as if searching for something. She spent half an hour in this way, I following her, taking a new position now and then where I would not be observed by her. Presently I saw her hit something with her weapon. Then she picked up what looked to me from a short distance like a baby alligator. She held it by the tail, dropped it into the bag, closed the mouth and went away.

I didn't know what it all meant; but, still timorous about Ben, I told him he had better not wait for the moving of the party, but get out at once. He laughed at me and said there was nothing to fear and if there were he wouldn't run from a little Mexican girl who had scarcely given up her doll.

We engineers slept in a long temporary building one story high. That night I was startled by an unearthly yell. Springing out of bed, I ran along to a room where Eggleston and a rod-man slept. The window was open, and Eggleston had just struck a light. His roommate was holding one leg and writhing with pain.

"Kill it!" he yelled.

Then I saw a little alligator looking thing on the floor.

"Kill it! It's the Gila monster and has bitten me. I'm gone up."

Inez's actions were explained. She had dropped the reptile in through the window on Ben, she supposed, but really on his roommate. For a week the poor devil howled in agony, then died.

That was years ago. Ben Eggleston has never married. The bare mention of a woman produces on him a temporary insanity.

THE SIREN

By CORA HATHORN SYKES

Each dwelling should be a thing of itself, not containing any one except the family whose home it is. Many a wife and husband have been separated, innocent children made to suffer and sometimes murder done because of a man or a woman going to live with a family of which they were not a part.

The Browns were a humdrum couple, content with each other and their home. When it was decided to have a governess for their children Miss Olive Markam was selected for the purpose. Miss Markam was pretty, and Mrs. Brown should have hesitated before taking her into the sheepfold. Not that the wolf was likely to harm her lambs, but there was a sheep in the family who, though not very tender, was liable to fall a prey to the newcomer. Neither Mrs. Brown nor her husband gave the entrance of Miss Markam into the family a thought so far as danger was concerned. Neither had ever known a pang of jealousy. Mr. Brown was a pudgy, baldheaded man of forty-two; Mrs. Brown was a tall, angular woman but a year his junior. Neither supposed that the other could attract any one else even if so inclined. The governess was but twenty and replied to Mr. Brown's remarks with "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," as a person of an entirely different generation. And yet there was danger in her presence at the Browns'.

Mr. Brown had his own sleeping room, where he might get a quiet night's rest without being disturbed by the rest of the family. One night he awakened from a bad dream and could not go to sleep again. After vainly endeavoring for an hour or more to do so he got up, put on a dressing gown and went downstairs to get a biscuit and a glass of wine, hoping that by thus drawing the blood to his stomach he might return to slumber. He took great care to move softly that he might not awaken any of the family and on reaching the dining room refrained even from striking a light. He found what he wanted in the sideboard and, having partaken of it, was about to return to his room when he felt his hand clasped by a softer one.

Mr. Brown knew Mrs. Brown's hand very well. It was not soft; it was not even round. On the contrary, it was hard and bony. A current shot quickly up his arm and entered his heart; no, his self esteem, exciting that natural gratification a man who has passed middle life feels in attracting a young woman. The conviction that the governess had fallen in love with him popped into Mr. Brown's head and created there a disturbance at once delightful and terrifying. On the one hand was his home, his wife, his children; on the other, the siren. If he listened to the one the wreck of the others was sure to follow. But had he the power to resist? Mr. Brown felt in his bones that he had not.

All this flashed through Mr. Brown's mind in the two or three seconds that he held the hand in his. Then it was withdrawn, and without sound or farewell the owner passed. With a wildly beating heart he stood, listened, hoped for further manifestation, feared he would receive it, groped for it with outstretched hands, was disappointed, comforted, troubled, pleased and thrilled all at the same time. At last, being convinced that the owner of the hand had gone, he returned to his room.

Mr. Brown lay awake till daylight, a prey to different emotions, then went to sleep and dreamed that he and the governess were floating down a river whose banks were covered with luxuriant foliage and overhung with flowers. She was the same woman, but transfigured to one of transcendent beauty. He bent over the side of the boat and saw his own face reflected in the water. To his surprise, his hair had come back on his head with no gray streaks in it, and his eye had regained the fire of youth.

Then he took her hand in his—the same hand he had held before. There was the same pleasurable thrill without the dread of consequences. The wife of his bosom, so far as his dream was concerned, had no existence; his children were not yet born. He drifted in paradise.

He was awakened by a shake and the words: "Elisha, are you going to sleep all day? Get up!"

It was Mrs. Brown, in dishabille and forming a dreadful contrast with the companion of his dream. Mr. Brown lay a few moments trying to get used to the returned reality, then slowly got out of bed, forced himself into his clothes and went down into the dining room. The family were at breakfast. His oldest daughter, aged fourteen, looked at him mischievously.

"How did you like the ghost, papa?" she asked, her eyes dancing with fun. "W-h-a-t ghost?"

But he knew before she told him that she had got up in the night for a glass of water, heard him leave his room, followed him and, with better eyes than his, clasped his hand.

"My dear," said Mr. Brown to his wife after breakfast and before going downtown, "I've been thinking that the children will get on better going to school than taught by a governess."

"Perhaps you're right, pa. Anyway, we can't keep Miss Markam after the holidays. She's going to be married."

"Married!" "Yes, to a very nice looking young fellow, a year older than she. Same difference as between us, dear."

WHEN ABNER GOT MAD

By M. QUAD

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Miss Eunice Glasser was a "sorter" old maid, but it was not her fault. Abner Jackson, who was a "sorter" old bachelor, had been courting her for five years without actually popping the question. She lived with her widowed mother in the village, and he worked a little farm just outside.

Abner wasn't lazy. He was just a good natured poke of a man. He was going to get married some day, but there was no hurry about it. He always talked as if he intended to marry Eunice, but he didn't come down to details. He didn't ask her to name the day and arrange the bridal tour. Eunice liked Abner and bore with him, but she was getting rather tired of it when her Aunt Hannah came on a visit. Aunt Hannah saw Abner two or three times, understood his nature and then said to her niece:

"Look here, you've got a poke of a man hanging around after you, and it may be ten years more before he'll say anything about marriage. Are you going to put up with it or do something?"

"Why, auntie, what can I do?" "Get mad at him and make him think he's going to lose you."

"He only laughs when I get mad." "Then set to in and criticize his feet, his nose, his eyebrows. Tell him that he's the homeliest man you ever saw."

"Don't think he'd mind it at all."

"Didn't you ever see him show any temper?"

"Not a bit. He was run over by a drove of hogs once and got up laughing. No, you can't make Abner mad. He's a poke, but an awfully good man."

"And are you going to keep right on for the next fifty years, are you?"

One afternoon three or four days later a vinegar barrel with one head out was left at the house by the grocer to be used as a rain barrel. The house stood on quite a hill, and there was a sharp slope down to the village street. About the hour Abner usually appeared Eunice was sent on an errand to the other side of the village, and when the "poke" arrived Aunt Hannah was the one to greet him. She took him to the corner of the house where the barrel stood and promptly began:

"See here, Mr. Jackson, you've been dawdling around here for years. What are you after?"

"Why—why?" he stammered as he leaned up against the house and could say no more.

"Oh, you can't tell! I knew you couldn't. You've come here almost every night in the week for months and years and squatted yourself down, and what for? Your talk can't interest anybody. The sight of you isn't inspiring. If I was Eunice I'd just as soon have a wooden man around. And yet you come and squat and squat. I ask you, sir, what you mean by such conduct?"

"I—I guess I'll go home," answered Abner, who was too astonished to see straight.

"And I guess you won't," said Aunt Hannah, "at least not until you have explained yourself. I've been looking at you. If I had a cow as homely as you are I'd knock her in the head with the ax. Hump shouldered, bowlegged and feet like an elephant, and yet you come here and squat around and take up a girl's time! Why, man, what can you think of yourself?"

"I'll never come again!" exclaimed Abner in a changed voice.

"That's good. That's what I wanted to hear you say. Go and squat somewhere else. Go and find the homeliest girl in the country to match you. The first time I saw you I knew you was a poke of a man and you hadn't grit enough to push a toad off its nest."

"Woman, be careful! If you aggravate me too much—"

"Aggravate an old poke! Why, man, it would take you three years to get mad, even if you started in tonight."

The next thing she knew she was being lifted off her feet in Abner's strong arms and deposited in the handy barrel. Before she could yelp twice the barrel was whirled on its side and given a kick to start it down the slope. It took an erratic course. It ran to the right a few feet and then slid to the left. It stopped for a moment at a gooseberry bush and then dodged and jumped clear over a crabapple tree. There were yelling and screaming from the inmate of the barrel, but Abner stood and watched the circus and shouted back:

"I'm a poke, am I? I'm a squatter, am I? I've got bowlegs and humped shoulders and feet like an elephant! Gol darn your hide, roll on!"

And the barrel rolled, and Aunt Hannah rolled, and neither of them stopped rolling till the barrel crashed through the fence and brought up against a shade tree in the street. No one was killed. No bones were broken. Aunt Hannah crept out and up to the house and was just finished with the last of the arnica when Miss Eunice came rushing in with radiant face to exclaim:

"I was coming back home—and I met Abner—and he was swearing—and he grabbed me by the arm—and he said he'd break my neck if I didn't go right to the preacher's and be married—and—"

"And you went?"

"Yes, and we were married. I had to be. Abner ain't a poke any more, but the awfulest, determinedest man you ever heard of. Why, auntie, he told me to tell you that you could go to thunder and be darned to you!"

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MONEY FOR COLORED SCHOOLS

If the law enacted by Congress June, 1864, which "provided that such a proportion of all school funds raised in Washington and Georgetown should be set apart for colored schools as the number of colored children between the ages of six and seventeen bear to the whole number of children in said cities" be adhered to there would be no reason for any argument or charge of discrimination between the Commissioners of the District of Columbia and the Board of Education.

This wise and just, to all concerned law was drawn by the late Senator Patterson, of New Hampshire, generally known among old Washingtonians as the father of the educational system for colored children in the cities of Washington and Georgetown — and was found to work without friction, and rendered equal and exact justice to both white and colored schools. The law was strictly observed, and in fact so much so that when the late Matthew G. Emery was elected mayor of Washington, upon his attention being called by the then Auditor Petty, that there was a large amount of money due the colored schools, being shown by Auditor Petty the figures, ordered that the money be placed to the credit of the colored school fund. The law was adhered to for some time after the order of the District Commissioners consolidating the several school boards, which took effect August 8, 1874, but for some unexplained reason has, up to this time, been ignored. The law, as stated before, worked no injustice to either white or colored school, as the amount paid for the support of the colored school was proportionately based upon what was actually provided for the white schools. In other words, the colored school fund was predicated upon the proportion and in no way curtailed the amount needed for the support of the white schools. That the law was equitable is proven by the fact that during its active enforcement these existed perfect harmony among all concerned, and if any doubt exists as to its fairness and absence from friction it can soon be dispelled by conferring with Mr. Petty, who as Auditor during the active life of the law had not only official but personal knowledge of the satisfactory working of the law. The subsequent laws of Congress on school matters in no wise affected the original act of June, 1864, so far as related to the financial support of the colored schools, charging only the appointment of trustees and consolidating the then several school boards into one board for the District of Columbia. The return to the law of June, 1864, with modifications, if any are needed, will not only remove one cause for friction between Commissioners and School

Board, but make clear just what amount of money is available for both white and colored schools.

WHO'S WHO?

The burden of Prof. DuBois' attacks upon and criticism of Dr. Washington has been that Dr. Washington in many of his addresses told some plain truths as to our faults. Until industrial education became a fever with the whites, Prof. DuBois and his clan antagonized, or to be more exact tried to antagonize Dr. Washington's safe, sane propaganda of industrial education for the Negro masses. Now that the proud Anglo-Saxon, with centuries of civilization behind him, and the possessor of countless institutions of higher education has, like Dr. Washington, awoke to the necessity of industrial education for his masses, Prof. DuBois has slumped in his vituperation of Dr. Washington's industrial education idea, and now, instead, bitterly assails the Doctor because he urges stability while pointing out some of our weaknesses as a thing to flee from.

On the night of December 30, 1907, Senator Joseph Forney Johnston, of Alabama, spoke before the Algonquin Club at Boston, touching upon the race question. His address was particularly pessimistic for our race; in fact, it was rather a caustic criticism of the race. His whole argument in support of his belief in our inferiority and immorality was predicated upon a statement made by Prof. DuBois. In beginning he said: "Prof. DuBois, one of the ablest of American Negroes, says: 'Laziness and promiscuous sexual intercourse are the besetting sins of the lower class; we are diseased and developing criminal tendencies, and an alarming per cent of our men and women are impure.'"

This address of Senator Johnston, in which he assails the race upon a statement made by Prof. DuBois, has recently been ordered printed by the United States Senate as a public document, and as such is being circulated. Nowhere in any of Dr. Washington's addresses can you find a statement so harsh to the race, so unjust, and so hurtful as is this statement made by Prof. DuBois. Nowhere in any of Dr. Washington's addresses can you find a statement so pessimistic of the race. And yet this is the cynical, selfish, bigoted educator (?) who criticizes Dr. Washington's optimism, and praise of and confidence in his people, among whom he lives and labors. Now, who's who?

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE.

It is incompatible with liberality and a real retardance to advancement for any race or class to base their estimate of a public man upon his attitude or action with respect to one single issue. As a race we are prone to be too narrow in our conception of what a public man should stand for. This of course is the result of our previous environment and condition. Take for instance the case of President Taft. Here is a man who — and, after all, he is but human — must administer for one hundred millions of people who are as varied in their ideas and sentiments as they are varied in color. It is his duty to conserve the interest of the many without impairing the opportunities and condition of the few. A most delicate and difficult proposition. Whenever President Taft has sent a message to Congress, or has delivered a public address the Negro scans the whole for a particular and segregated reference to him as a Negro. If he fails to find this, then not a few of them break out in blatant criticism, overlooking references to, and espousal of, things which make for good for all the peoples, without reference to race, color or class.

As a race we must realize, and the sooner the better, that Presi-

dent Taft, or any president for that matter, cannot champion any measure or father any sentiment aimed to better the condition of the people of this country as a whole without bettering the condition of the Negro as a race. Some Negroes regard appointment to office as the only evidence of friendship which can be shown for the race. Appointments are due the worthy of us as American citizens, and, perhaps, as representatives of the race, but a president's helpfulness for a race or class must not be measured by the quantity and quality of office alone. The things which President Taft stands for are meant to benefit the whole people, and we are a part of the whole. Reciprocity will benefit the Negro in proportion as it benefits the whites. Regulation of the trusts, if it improves the economic condition of the whites, must necessarily improve the economic condition of the Negro.

To use a rather common, though expressive phrase, "what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." What President Taft does for the country he likewise does for our race.

THE COLORED VOTER.

There are a few colored voters in this country who are disgruntled with the Administration and with the Republican party in general. Is the colored voter aware of the fact that the Democratic party has not as yet offered any inducements to the colored voter? Has the Democratic party in the States in which the Democratic party reigns supreme repealed the obnoxious "Jim Crow" laws or any other law which has oppressed the colored American? The colored voter may have his grievances, but will the Democratic party better his condition? Has the Democratic party attempted by any act whatever to better the condition of the colored people? In the event of Democratic success, by the aid of the colored vote, on account of his being disgruntled, will it help his condition?

The Bee will admit that all Democrats are not alike, and there are many Republicans who are as mean as some Democrats. If the more conservative Democrats were let alone and were permitted to exercise their own judgment, The Bee is confident that colored Americans would have nothing to fear.

Senator John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi is among the progressive and fair Democrats thus far. The Bee, of course, does not know what he would do if a "Jim Crow" measure were introduced in the Senate. The Bee is judging him now from his present acts.

The colored voter had better go slow, because he may have cause to regret.

ANOTHER STOCK CO.

And now it is reported that a local paper contemplates issuing stock for a stock newspaper company. The people of this city have long since concluded that there have been enough fake stock companies organized in this city and that they don't propose to lose any more money. The last stock company that was organized was by the Colored American, from which the Washington American undoubtedly took its name. There are dozens of people in this city today who have in their possession Colored American stock.

If the local contemporary last week wants to fill a long-felt want, as it stated, certainly it does not want the people to purchase stock in an institution that will never pay. Has there ever been a newspaper stock company placed upon a paying basis in this city? If there has ever been one, The Bee is open for conviction.

M. M. LEWEY.

The editor of the Florida Sentinel had the so-called correspondent of the so-called Negro Press Bureau to write the editorial against the editor of The Bee. The editorial confirms the opinion that sensible people have of the editor of the Florida Sentinel.

He starts out by saying that the weather is too warm to reply to The Bee, but he does take time to write a column and over a quarter about it. Editor Lewey will never learn any sense. The little schooling he received did not benefit him any. The Bee understands that he could not spell "apple seed" when he was in the eighth grade. His ignorance of books and other literature accounts for his stupidity as a journalist.

There will be an Editorial Press Association.

HYPOCRITES.

The man who is generally guilty himself of offences will declare that is necessary for the community to be cleaned up. This doctrine generally obtains among Negro editors, so-called, and quasi newspaper correspondents. A Negro editor declared a few days ago that it was necessary for the good of the community to have a clean up-to-date paper. This same colored individual is himself the editor of the paper in which this editorial appeared. Men who make such declarations are generally guilty of some offenses, and to hide his own villainy he cries out reform. Reformers are generally hypocrites and unreliable in their dealings with the people; in short, they are hypocrites.

THE BULLETIN.

The Durham (N. C.) Bulletin for July, 1911, has been issued, and The Bee is now looking over its pages. This Bulletin is a catalogue of the National Religious Training School of Durham, N. C., of which Dr. James E. Shepard is president. The Bulletin gives a complete and concise description of this great school and the work of Dr. Shepard. North Carolina is proud of this distinguished educator.

Little fellows intrigue to pull down; big men plan to build up.

Jack Johnson probably never said one-third of what the daily press attributes to him.

The man who proves false to one friend will prove false to each new-found friend in turn; just stick a pin right here.

Some men who lack the ability and reliability to advance are insanely jealous of those who possess the requisites for advancement and do advance.

"I didn't do a thing, but I won't do it again" is the plaintive wail of some misguided kids after they have been thoroughly spanked and sent to the room of reflection.

The present corps of Negro government officials are giving satisfaction to their respective departments, and to the race because they are administering their offices with intelligence and fidelity. This applies to all.

With the Negroes forming a large percent of the congested population of our large cities, President Taft's Canadian reciprocity treaty means much. And it means equally as much for the Negro farmers.

The Commissioners say the Board of Education is responsible for the discrimination in the estimates for the colored schools, and the Board of Education charges that the Commissioners are the guilty parties. With both agreeing that there has been discrimination, we ought to now get an equitable and just appropriation the colored schools.

Public Men And Things

(By the Sage of the Potomac.)

Last Wednesday evening I had to mix in with the small-talk people. The "small-talk" people are the society swells. I got an invitation to the Church-Johnson wedding and my wife would have thrown three different fits if I hadn't gone. Last year I folded up my dress suit, of a vintage of 1898, put it in a box with about a pound of moth balls for company, and told by little honeybunch that it was never again for me. In 1921 (I think that's about the year) the Sarbonne at Paris solemnly condemned the doctrines of old scrambled-face Martin Luther, and declared they ought to be extirpated by fire and sword. Now I wish the Sarbonne had gone a step farther and condemned society. If it had, I could have let that old dress suit of mine keep company with those moth balls till it got so use to them that it would never again have appeared in public.

But, you know, these women just simply go crazy over a fashionable wedding. And it was a six o'clock church wedding, and a wedding at that hour is quite recherche — very Connecticut avenue. Don't know how my wife and I got in on this affair, unless it being a church wedding they wanted to fill the church, and thought we would do as fillers. It may be that Link Brown got me put on the list for an invite. Link's the bride's uncle, don't you know, and Link and I have drunk many a sassafras tea together. I went, however, and I guess that little honeybunch of mine who has patiently stood me for about fifteen years, though she was at the coronation. Gee! but she did look classy in a Monican Assembly gown made over, and she felt that she was in Mrs. John Hays Hammond's class just because she got an invite along with the dieties.

Cogitating over Link Brown, recalls to mind the old Metropole Club when Link played Romeo to it as Juliet — in English, was its angel. My! how we fellows used to go down there and drink Link's good old red liquor fresh from the still, smoke his cigars, wear out the green cloth on his billiard tables, and then say softly, intelligently, and jauntily: "Link, just put that on my tab." If Link could cash in those "tabs" now he would have Senator Root working for him, instead of him working for Root. But Link thought he was a business man, and we thought he was a good thing. Though "good thing" is hardly the proper descriptive — "sissage" would be more expressive as to what he really was.

There was some talk of starting another club last winter, and a couple of fellows, knowing that Link had had experience, asked him if he would join. When Link got through telling them what he thought there wasn't another cuss word left in the dictionary for Uncle Joe Cannon to debate with. Link would make a capital boniface. He's just the proper size, always has a few yards of con-con to hand out, and likes a social crowd of bacchanalians. I use to drop around to Link's house occasionally, when I was dry, but just as soon as I would get inside of the door he would beam on me that Rubens smile of his, which always reminds you of four aces, and would call back to his wife: "Anita, didn't Will Beverly drink all that was left in the bottle?" And Anita, who is the best trained wife in the Eighth precinct, would answer with: "Yes, Lincoln," in a tone of voice three degrees higher than Newport, R. I., "I believe he did." Then Link would hand me that old Chinese smile of his — you know he always near-shuts his eyes when he smiles — and say: "Old fellow, I am awfully sorry." Of course I would not stay long after that. I would just hurry out and spit cotton.

But coming back to that wedding. Now, my dress suit looks all right under gaslight, but I was afraid to trust it in daylight. It was second-hand when I bought it in 1898. I got it from one of the secretaries of the British Legation for a song and a whisper, and I have worn it to every dog fight since. A fellow of Dancy's fine, discriminating taste would not mind wearing it to a breakfast party, but the idea of me, who use to count for something in society, wearing it to Francis Grimke's

church at six o'clock is shocking. I took it over to Foster's and had him work on it, but he couldn't do much to it. The old suit always makes me think of the line Byron wrote to La Fin after the Dauphin Louis was born, which was "Let us forget our dreams." I have seen several other dress suits, however, that are pretty near twin brothers to mine. Bob Pelham's got a bird, by the way, and Judge Terrell's ain't as new as Teddy's New Nationalism, and Willie Wilkinson's — well, I won't say any more.

Catching my breath, don't you know Willie Wilkinson is an amusing cuss. He weighs about as much as the last egg of a litter that a robin lays. Did you ever see Willie waltz? No? Well, then you have never been to a comedy show. Willie's dancing reminds you of Chief Low Dog at an ambassador's ball. If I waltzed like Willie I would go out to the Zoo and feed myself to the hyenas. He bends that portion of his anatomy where they usually locate a man's pistol pocket, out an angle of about sixty-five degrees; steps all over the lady's train, and tramps on her feet, and just naturally tires her out. You never saw a lady, outside of his wife, who ever waltzed twice with him, and she simply does it to humor him. If prizes were given at the Assemblies for the worst dancers Willie would take them all. I have seen a bear dance, but a bear's dancing is as graceful as Ada Walker's compared with Willie Wilkinson's dancing. The next time they give an Assembly they ought to print at the head of the invitations this line: "Willie Wilkinson will positively not appear in the dance." It would save many a lady from having a nightmare. But Willie is a good old scout at that. Sometimes he gets mixed up with the words he wants to use, and sometimes he looks wise without it signifying anything, but a more willing fellow, and a more gentlemanly fellow never woke up in Washington. Willie Wilkinson wouldn't harm a yellow dog. He just likes to boost everything and everybody. He is so opposed to knocking that he would not knock on your door if he called and happened to find you had no door bell to ring. Everybody likes him, everybody has a kind word to say for him, but as a waltzer he is simply limberger. And let me tell you Wyatt Archer, Jim Cobb and Roscoe Bruce, as waltzers, are only about ten minutes ahead of Willie.

Most of the women are away to the mountains and seashore, and as a result most of the hubbies are now "baching" it. You can always tell when a married man is keeping bachelor's hall by the way he squints at the passing bits of muslin and lace. When his wife's at home, he usually hurries along in an abstracted manner, and it takes a mighty fine looking bit of fifth rib to attract his attention. When his wife's away he turns and looks back at every woman he passes. Don't matter in what color they come, nor whether they are embonpoint, fragile, or just prime, and he never questions the age. And if they happen to deftly show their lingerie as they trip across the street he will stop still and gaze in wild abandon. Most women trust their husbands, however, and feel secure when they are away. If it were not for the confidence women have in their husbands there would be explosions every day. My wife won't leave me for a minute.

ISSUE DAILY

Little Rock, Ark., July 19.—E. M. Woods, editor of the Review, will issue his paper daily during the meeting of the Negro Business League, which will meet in this city August 16, 17 and 18. The sessions of the League will be stenographically reported. Editor Woods is a great journalist.

Foster's DYE Works

FOSTER'S DYE AND CLEANING WORKS.
(You Street, between 11th and 12th Streets, Northwest.)
Business and Display Office,
11th and You Streets, Northwest.
CALL AND INSPECT OUR WORK.
Ladies' suits a specialty.
Gentlemen's suits cleaned, pressed and sponged.
Gloves cleaned.
All goods look like new when they leave our works.

FOSTER'S DYE WORKS.



Mountain breezes, seashore breezes and social breezes all meet around the breezy soda fountain at the two drug stores of Board & Maguire at 1912 1-2 14th St., and at 9th and You Sts. Two places "where everybody meets everybody else" for the most delicious ice cream soda in the city.

Miss Stella Arrington and Miss Mary Smith are guests of Mrs. F. W. Lee, in Buffalo, N. Y.

Misses Eva O. Williams and Stella Smothers, of Richmond, Va., are visiting here.

Mrs. Maria Kennedy is now in Berkeley, Va.

Miss Elfrida A. Kennedy, of 1920 Eleventh street, is visiting friends in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Burrill Wood, of Eleventh street, are spending a week in Atlantic City.

Misses Ethel and Hattie Scott, of Alabama, are the guests of Mrs. Laura Cooper, 407 D street southeast.

Mrs. Hannah Cooper has returned to her home in Millsville, N. J. after a pleasant stay here as the guest of her daughter, Mrs. W. H. Franklin.

Master William Franklin and sister are visiting their sister, Mrs. Hannah Cooper, in Millsville, N. J.

Misses Alta and Martha Scott, of Anacostia, are visiting relatives in Gettysburg, Pa.

Miss Edna Lucas is spending the summer at Jamestown, R. I.

Mrs. James B. Walker, of 1004 S street northwest, is summering at Asbury Park.

Miss Hattie Renix, of Louisville, Ky., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James E. Buckner in the Cameron Apartment, Vermont avenue and T street.

Dr. J. W. Morse has the gem drug store in the northwest. Prescriptions carefully compounded by registered clerks.

Miss Gertrude Henry, a teacher in the graded schools of Wilmington, Del., and one of the most popular young ladies of the Delaware Metropolis is spending some time in this city as guest of Mrs. Harry Lynch in her beautiful home on Tea St.

Miss Lucille Hamilton Nooks has returned from a delightful stay of six weeks at Wilberforce University.

Miss Gertrude Henry, of Delaware City, is the guest of Mrs. Angie Lynch, of 1314 T street.

Miss Rosa B. Childs is visiting friends in Atlanta, Ga. She will make an extensive trip covering Tuskegee Institute, Selma, Montgomery, Birmingham and Camden, Ala.

Miss Flora May Tyson has returned from her enjoyable trip to New York City, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia.

Mrs. Grant Clay, of Indianapolis, is visiting friends here.

Mrs. Mary Fleming Peterson, of Chicago, Ill., is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Fleming, on Thirteenth street northeast.

Mrs. W. G. Turner has returned to Philadelphia, Pa., after a pleasant trip to this city.

Miss Laura Howesworth is visiting friends in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Helen Lanning and Jessie Faucet are enjoying their visit to Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Fannie Johnson and her daughter Estelle are here from Wilmington, Del., to spend the rest of the summer.

Miss Lottie Campbell, of Rock Hill, S. C., is here on a visit.

Everybody meets everybody else these beautiful warm days at the popular drug stores of Board & Maguire, at 1912 1-2 14th Street, Northwest, or at their "Busy Corner," at Ninth and U Streets, Northwest, two places for the most delicious ice cream soda in the city.

Mrs. Sarah Robinson and son, Mr. Frank Robinson, are spending the summer in Oak Bluffs, Mass., with relatives.

Mrs. Ann Bolling has gone to Gordonsville, Va.

Don't pass Morse's Drug Store, at Nineteenth and L streets northwest.

Mr. Alonzo Means, of Charlotte, N. C., is spending some time here.

Mr. Jenie Cooper, in Martindale avenue, Indianapolis, Ind., is visiting friends here.

Mrs. J. W. Kinsey and four children, of Philadelphia, Pa., are spending the month in Baltimore, Norfolk and this city.

Dr. Lewis B. Moore, with his wife and children, are sojourning in Atlantic City, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pryor have been visiting friends in Wilmington, Del., and Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. William Bishop has returned to his home in Philadelphia, after a pleasant stay here with her parents.

Mrs. Charles Smith, of Chicago, Ill., is visiting friends here.

Mr. James L. Neill is visiting in Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Benjamin Washington is visiting relatives in Chicago, Ill.

Rev. William Perry is in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mrs. Preston Beck, of Chicago, Ill., is planning a trip here.

Mrs. Maria Brandon and Miss Julia are visiting in Huntsville, Ala.

Dr. George Cabiness was in Atlantic City.

Mr. Tom Jones, of Chicago, Ill., visited his mother in Elm street n. w. several days.

Dr. John W. Morse, of the Gem Drug Store, at Nineteenth and L streets northwest, has everything that a first-class druggist possesses. Drop in.

Mrs. Ralph W. Tyler has returned after a month's stay at Atlantic City.

Mrs. P. B. S. Pinchback and grandson, Eugene Toomey, are at Dr. Terry's cottage, in Atlantic City.

Dr. Arthur Gray has returned after two weeks of familiarity with the surf and boardwalk at Atlantic City.

Dr. Charles Harrison entertained W. H. Lewis, Judge Terrell, James A. Cobb and R. W. Tyler at his country bungalow last Sunday.

Mr. Thomas L. Jones, wife and daughters are planning a water trip of a week or two sail.

Mrs. Watson, of 938 T street, is visiting her brother, Fred R. Moore, in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Clarence Cameron White, with his wife and two children, left Wednesday for Boston, Mass., which will be their future home.

Dr. William Conner, of Eleventh street, is contemplating locating in Indianapolis to practice his profession.

Rumor has it that when Congress reconvenes next fall he will return from Minnesota with one of that State's estimable daughters as his bride. Hurrah for Fred!

A. W. Sears, proprietor of Hotel Brunswick, has been called to Durham, N. C., to the bedside of his sister, Mrs. Jennie Price, 515 Grant street.

Dr. Morse, who has the finest drug store in the West End, also has the best prescription compounder. Dr. Morse, who is also a registered pharmacist, never makes a mistake. Call 19th and L streets northwest. Call

Lawyer and Mrs. Jabez Lee are planning to spend their vacation at Niagara Falls this summer.

Mr. John H. Lanier celebrated his birthday party at his residence, 1121 Twenty-fourth street, on Thursday evening.

Mr. W. C. Keyes, of Boston, Mass., who has been visiting his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Plummer, of Deanwood, D. C., has returned after a three weeks' visit.

Miss Ida C. Plummer, secretary of the National Association of Teachers in Colored Schools, who left on Tuesday for St. Louis, Mo., to attend the eighth annual session of that body. Miss Plummer intends visiting several cities before returning home.

Mrs. Jane Norris and son, of Pittsburgh, Pa., joined Misses Hunter and Underwood in this city, who plan a trip to Lynchburg, Va., New York, Atlantic City and Philadelphia.

Dr. Morse has the finest assortment of candies and toilet articles that can be purchased anywhere in the city.

Miss Maude E. Fleming, of Thirteenth street northeast, was the guest of Miss Lucy Lumpkins and Miss Maude Green at Harpers Ferry, W. Va., last Sunday.

Master Sidney Williston, son of Dr. Williston, has returned to the city from Tuskegee, Ala., where he has been attending school. Master Williston gives a glowing account of Tuskegee, Ala., and the great work of Dr. Washington.

Dr. H. R. Butter, wife and son, of Atlanta, Ga., were in the city this week, en route for the East. Dr. Butter is one of the best-known and most progressive men in Atlanta. He and his family took their meals at Martin's Cafe.

Mrs. James Turner and family, of New Bedford, Mass., are spending the summer in this city.

Mrs. Lena Ware, organist of the Nineteenth Street Baptist Church, with her little daughter, Marjorie, will leave the city next week on a month's vacation to Hartford, Conn., from there to Boston, Mass., and several other New England cities before she returns to the city.

THE NEW HOWARD

This beautiful playhouse will open its second season on Monday, August 7, with Barton and Wiswell's New "Smart Set" Company in the latest musical comedy, the "Mayor of New Town." The cast is a long and a strong one, numbering fifty people, including one of America's leading colored comedians, S. Tutt Whitney; Homer Tutt, the colored Chesterfield; Ethel Taylor, Josie Graham, Ethel Marshall, and a New York company. The piece is one brimfull of song and story, teeming with witty lines and comedy. The production is a feature, as it is one of the most novel and elaborately staged pieces ever sent on the road by this firm. The theatre will run through the sea and has many of the leading companies of the country booked to appear during the season. The "Smart Set" will be followed by "Lena Rivers," a dramatization of Bertha M. Clay's novel and a play that has been produced with great success in every city in the country.

The sale of tickets for the "Smart Set" will commence on Thursday, August 3, at the box office, which will be open from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily. The Sunday concerts that were so popular last season will be inaugurated again this fall, commencing on Sunday night, August 13, when a bill of vaudeville and motion pictures will be given.

MASONIC NOTES

Mecca Temple No. 10, A. A. O. N. M. S., has perfected arrangements for their pilgrimage to Atlantic City to attend the Imperial Council Session which will commence on September 5th.

Summer excursion tickets good for thirty days will be sold for eight dollars. Valuation tickets \$7.70, good for fifteen days. Train leaves Union Station over Baltimore and Ohio R. R. about noon on Labor Day, September 4.

Mecca Temple of Richmond, Virginia, and delegates from the South have arranged to accompany Mecca Temple to Baltimore, where they will be joined by Jerusalem Temple and will arrive in Atlantic City about 6 p.m.

The remains of Mr. Owen Costin, which was buried on last Monday, was the son of Past Grand Master John T. Costin, who was the second Grand Master of the District of Columbia in the year 1849; and Mrs. Amelia Costin, who was buried on Thursday was the widow of the late Brother W. G. Costin, who died on July 12, 1896. He as a member of Felix Lodge at the time of his death. K. T.

Simon Commandery No. 11 will celebrate its Fifty-sixth Anniversary on August 18, assisted by the different commanderies of this city and those of our sister jurisdiction, Maryland.

It is suggested that when the International Congress of Knights Templar meets in 1912 that, in the selection for its next meeting place, in 1914, the president should be selected from that place.

A good committee to manage affairs for this jurisdiction for 1912

HOWARD UNIVERSITY WASHINGTON, D. C.

Wilbur P. Thirkield, LL. D., President.

Located in Capital of the Nation. Camps of over 20 acres. Advantages unsurpassed. Modern scientific and general equipment. New Carnegie Library. New science hall. Faculty of over one hundred. 1,382 students from 37 States and 10 other countries. Unusual opportunities for self-support. No young man or woman of energy or capacity need be deprived of its advantages.

The College of Arts and Sciences.

Devoted to liberal studies. Courses in English, mathematics, Latin, Greek, French, German, physics, chemistry, biology, history, philosophy, and the social sciences, such as are given in the best approved colleges. Sixteen professors. Kelly Miller, A. M., dean.

The Teachers' College.

Special opportunities for teachers. Regular college courses in psychology, pedagogy, education, etc., with degree of A. B.; pedagogical courses leading to Ph. B. degree. High-grade courses in normal training, music, manual arts and domestic sciences. Graduates helped to positions. Lewis B. Moore, A. M., Ph. D., dean.

The Academy.

Faculty of 13. Three courses of four years each. High-grade preparatory school. George J. Cummings, A. M., dean.

The Commercial College.

Courses in bookkeeping, stenography, commercial law, history, civics, etc. Business and English high school education combined. George W. Cook, A. M., dean.

School of Manual Arts and Applied Sciences.

Furnishes thorough courses. Six instructors. Offers four-year courses in mechanical and civil engineering, and architecture.

PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS.

The School of Theology.

Interdenominational. Five professors. Broad and thorough courses. Advantages of connection with a great university. Students' aid. Low expenses. Isaac Clark, D. D., dean.

THE SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

Medical, Dental and Pharmaceutical Colleges.

Forty-nine professors. Modern laboratories and equipment. Connected with new Freedmen's Hospital, costing a half million dollars. Clinical facilities not surpassed in America. Post-graduate school and polyclinic. Edward A. Balloch, M. D., dean, Fifth and W Streets, Northwest. W. C. McNeill, M. D., secretary, 901 R Street, Northwest.

The School of Law.

Faculty of eight. Courses of three years, giving a thorough knowledge of theory and practice of law. Occupies own building opposite court house. Benjamin F. Leighton, LL. B., dean, 420 Fifth Street, Northwest.

For catalogue and special information, address Dean of Department.

Cars to the Northeast Section and suburbs pass the door

THE Astoria Pharmacy

(W. Armstrong)

Fresh Drugs

Third and G Sts. N. W.

Drugs and Preparations
always fresh

Phone Main 3252

would be John C. Nalle, J. T. Turner and Simon P. Burnette.

The remains of Past Master W. S. Fuplton, of Datcher Lodge, No. 15, and of Simon Commandery, No. 1, K. T., was buried on Thursday with the rite.

Illustrious James O. Bampfield, who met with a serious accident more than two weeks ago, through a street railway accident, is convalescent.

We wish to extend our congratulations to Brother W. H. Clarke, of Pythagoras Lodge, No. 9, for taking unto himself a wife more than two weeks ago.

Drug Store.

In this issue of The Bee will be seen the advertisement of the Astoria drug store, Third and G Streets, Northwest, near the Pension Office. Dr. W. Armstrong is an enterprising man and well educated in pharmacy. His reputation stands unimpaired and you may always rely on him to do justice to his patrons. His prices are reasonable, hence you may have no hesitancy in patronizing him.

Howard Theatre

—OPENS FOR THE SEASON—
MONDAY AUGUST 7TH

The - Smart - Set in The Mayor of New Town 50 - PEOPLE - 50

INCLUDING SALEM TUTT WHITNEY—HOMER TUTT—NIDA MARSHALL—HELEN GLEASON
And an all-star New York Cast
THE LARGEST LAUGHING—JINGLING—MUSICAL CONCEPTION
EVER CONCEIVED

Box office open for ticket sale Thurs August 3d

The Public is Cordially Invited to Attend

The Afternoon and Evening Sessions of the
FOURTH ANNUAL CONVENTION
OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF

Colored : Graduate : Nurses

—WHICH CONVENES IN THIS CITY—

August 15th, 16th and 17th

At Lincoln Temple Church 11TH & R STREETS
NORTHWEST

SESSIONS 2 AND 8 P. M.

Miss M. A. Allen, Chr.

918 Tea Street, Northwest

BEAUTIFUL HAIR

Is not a accident. Care and attention are
necessary

COCOLATUM

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HAIR FOOD IS WHAT YOU NEED TO STIMULATE GROWTH. ERADICATE DANDRUFF, CLEANSE THE SCALP AND MAKE THE HAIR STRAIGHT, SOFT & SILKY
Get a bottle today from your Druggist and note the improvement. Trial size 10c, on sale at all Drug Stores.

WHY WORRY.

During the hot Summer days about your cooking problem?

THE NORTHWEST CAFE

Renders service "just like home" at a lower cost to you.

We have secured the service of two expert female chefs who have had years of experience in some of the leading families in this city.

We bake our own bread morning and evening.

Electric Fans
and Lights
Airy Dining Room

Ice Tea
Drip Coffee
Home Cooking

Polite and
Courteous
Attendants

Special prices to families for Summer months.

W. W. MARTIN, Prop.

Open for Inspection

2125-31 Newport Place
Northwest

Sample House 2127

The equal in finish and style to a \$7500 house

A FEW OF THE FEATURES:

Cement cellar.
Front and rear porches.
Large back yards to alley.

Tiled bath with terrazo floors

Hot water heat

Extra closet and wash tubs in cellar.
Hardwood finish.
Dome lights in dining room.
Gas and electricity.
Handsome mantels in parlor and dining room.
Eighteen feet wide.
Fronts finished off in Spanish tile.

Two squares from Dupont Circle
One square from New Hampshire Avenue
One square from P street car line

Price \$4500 Easy Terms

Frank T Rawlings Co 1425 N.Y. Ave.
NORTHWEST

WORTH ADVERTISING FOR

There are 5,499 Negroes employed here in Washington by the Government alone, and these three millions of dollars aggregating \$3,044,404. These 5,499 Negroes draw salaries as are spent right here in Washington, but scattered among the hundreds of tradesmen. Is this amount of money worth bidding for? It certainly is, and not even the largest stores in this city would refuse to get the big end of it did they but realize how much money the Negroes are really spending.

Now The Bee is the only Negro publication in this city. It stands without a rival or competitor, and covers the field like a few of the merchants in this city will patronize the advertising columns of The Bee, presenting the attractive bargains they may have these Negroes—these 5,499 Negroes who draw annually from the Government over three millions of dollars—will assume that by patronizing a publication edited and operated by one of their race the such firms desire and deserve their patronage. And such firms will receive the bulk of these over three millions of dollars received on spent by the Negroes of Washington.

What clothing stores, what furniture stores, what dry goods stores and what other lines of business will now make an effort to direct themselves these over three millions of dollars spent by Washington Negroes by advertising in The Bee?

Place your advertising in The Bee and watch these 5,499 approach five Negroes spend their over three millions of dollars with you.

Now is the time to advertise in The Bee, the newspaper that goes into every Negro home in Washington. Remember, merchants of Washington, it's what advertising pays you, not what it costs.

MORE MONEY—RACE PROGRESS.

If colored people groom themselves daintily, destroy perspiration odors, remove grease shine from the face, and use our new discoveries for improving the skin and dressing the hair, they will be better received in the business world, make more money, and advance faster.

The Chemical Wonder Company of New York is the best business friend colored people have. It improves their bodies as Dr. Booker Washington improves their minds. That Company manufactures nine Chemical Wonders, which will make colored people as attractive as individual peculiarities will permit. Colored men in New York who use these Wonders hold better positions in banks, clubs and business houses, and women have better positions, marry better, get along better.

(1.) Complexion Wonder Cream will light up any colored face (black or brown) every time it is used. To prove this on one trial, we send demonstration sample for 10 cents. Regular, 50 cents postpaid.

(2.) Magneto-Metallic Comb, called Wonder Comb. Can be heated before using, to help straighten and dress the hair. Costs 50 cents, and will last a lifetime.

(3.) Wonder Uncurl. When this pomade dressing is in the hair the kinks can be uncured and the hair becomes flexible. When heated into the scalp and through the hair with a Wonder Comb, any stiff, knotty hair will dress well. 50 cents postpaid.

(4.) Wonder Hair Grow fertilizes the scalp and makes hair grow long, just as fertilizers in the soil make cornstalks grow. 50 cents postpaid.

(5.) Odor Wonder Powder instantly destroys perspiration odor. People who neglect such chemical cleansing are obnoxious. 50 cents postpaid.

(6.) Odor Wonder Liquid. This fine toilet water surrounds the body with delicate perfume. When used with used with Odor Wonder Powder the conditions of the body become perfect. If you can spare 50 cents extra, order this luxury. 50 cents postpaid.

(7.) Wonder Foot Powder keeps the feet dainty. 50 cents postpaid.

(8.) Wonder Wash. A shampoo to clean from dandruff and insure the health of the hair and scalp. 50 cents postpaid.

(9.) Shell Pink Creme will give light brown girls beautiful pink cheeks without made-up appearance. 50 cents postpaid.

We guarantee all these Wonders as represented. We give advice free about hair, skin and scalp. Will send book an attractiveness free.

We will prove we are true business friends of colored people.

We require one agent for every locality and guarantee you against loss. Only \$2 capital required.

Always write to M. B. Berger & Co., 2 Rector Street, New York. We market all the Chemical Wonder Company preparations.



J. H. Kennedy

PROPRIETOR OF
The Moose House

625 D Street, N. W.

Washington, D. C.

Special Liquor Sale Every Saturday.

Go To

HOLMES' HOTEL
333 Virginia Ave., S. W.

Best Afro-American Accommodation in the District

EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN PLAN

Good Rooms and Lodging 50c, 75c and \$1.00. Comfortably Heated by Steam. Give us a call.

James Ottaway Holmes, Proprietor
Washington, D. C.
Phone, Main 2315



McCALL'S PATTERNS
Calculated for style, perfect fit, simplicity and reliability nearly 40 years. Sold in nearly every city and town in the United States and Canada, or by mail direct. More sold than any other make. Send for free catalogue.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE
More subscribers than any other fashion magazine—million a month. Invaluable. Latest styles, patterns, dressmaking, millinery, plain sewing, fancy needlework, hairdressing, etiquette, good stories, etc. Only 50 cents a year (worth double), including a free pattern. Subscribe today, or send for sample copy.

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to Agents. Postal brings premium catalogue and new cash prize offers. Address: THE McCALL CO., 238 to 248 W. 37th St., NEW YORK

FASHION MAGAZINE
for one year for \$2.00
COUPON

Enclosed two dollars. Send address below The Bee and McCall's Magazine for one year.

For Bee—
Find enclosed two dollars. Send address below The Bee and McCall's Magazine for one year.

Go to Xander's
If you want pure wine and liquor should go to Xander's. It is the greatest wine house in the country.

TAR AND FEATHERS.

A Coat of These, Taking Several Days to Remove, Means Excruciating Torture to the Victim.

People who read of tarring and feathering know that the punishment is a very unpleasant one, but few imagine how terribly painful and dangerous it is. Hardened tar is very hard to remove from the skin, and when feathers are added it forms a kind of cement that sticks closer than a brother. As soon as the tar sets the victim's suffering begins. It contracts as it cools, and every one of the little veins on the body is pulled, causing the most exquisite agony. The perspiration is entirely stopped, and unless the tar is removed death is certain to ensue.

But the removal is no easy task and requires several days. The tar cannot be softened by the application of heat and must be peeled off bit by bit, sweet oil being used to make the process less painful. The irritation to the skin is very great, as the hairs cannot be disengaged, but must be pulled out or cut off. No man can be cleaned of tar in a single day, as the pain of the operation would be too excruciating for endurance, and until this is done he has to suffer from a pain like that of 10,000 pin pricks. Numbers of men have died under the torture, and none who have gone through it regard tar and feathering as anything but a most fearful infliction.

TOBACCO IN THE ARCTIC.

Resource of Miners When They Can Neither Chew Nor Smoke.

"When the wind is blowing thirty miles an hour and the temperature is 40 below it is some cold," said a man from Alaska. "If a man used tobacco in the ordinary way out of doors during such weather and got his lips wet through smoking a pipe or chewing he would be apt to get into trouble. First thing he knew he'd have his lips cracked, and they would be raw all winter long."

The regulars stationed at the military posts up in Alaska found that if they tied a tobacco leaf in their armpit previous to undressing duty they would become very sick and could pass the post surgeon for hospital, getting rid of detail work they wanted to avoid.

"The miners up there learned something of this and found that the tobacco craving could be satisfied by binding a quantity of the leaf either in the armpit or against the solar plexus. This avoided broken and bleeding lips during the winter, and they weren't prevented from smoking indoors as well if they wanted to. It was the outdoor smoking or chewing that made all the trouble."—New York Sun.

Way to Treat Venison.

The sportsman was explaining to a few of his uninitiated friends.

"If you don't like venison," he said, "it is because it has not been prepared properly. I think I know the kind you have tried to eat, and I agree with you it is not fit. After the deer has been shot the carcass probably has been allowed to lie around until the blood has discolored the meat and really has almost tainted it. Few hunters dress their game carefully enough. As soon as a deer is killed the carcass should be thoroughly bled, skinned, the entrails removed and the meat hung up in the dry air for some hours. Thorough and prompt bleeding is of the utmost importance. Venison prepared in this way is comparatively light in color—that is, it is a clear, bright red, and the fat is white and clean. There is no strong, rank taste."—New York Press.

Revenge.

"Stop!" The brakes of the motor were suddenly applied, a pandemonium of whirling wheels ensued, and the motorist came face to face with Constable Coppem, who had been hiding in the hedge.

"Excuse me, sir," said the portly policeman, taking out his notebook and pencil, "but you exceeded the speed limit by two miles over a measured piece of road."

"I have done nothing of the kind," retorted the motorist, "and, besides"—"Well, if you don't believe me I'll call the sergeant, bein' as it was 'im as took the time. He's in the pigsty yonder."

"Don't trouble, Robert," the other hastened to reply. "I would sooner pay fifty fines than disturb the sergeant at his meals!"—London Answers.

Faithful Woman.

I tell you that women, as a rule, are more faithful than men—ten times more faithful. I never saw a man pursue his wife into the very ditch and dust of degradation and take her in his arms. I never saw a man stand at the shore where she was wrecked, waiting for the waves to bring back her corpse to his arms, but I have seen a woman with her white arms lift a man from the mire of degradation and hold him to her bosom as if he were an angel.—Ingersoll.

His Way of Doing.

"Could the cashier of that company explain the muddle in the books?" "He said he would clear it all up."

"Did he?" "No, he didn't clear it up. He cleared out."—Baltimore American.

Ungallant.

Henderson—Ever met with any serious accident while traveling? Henpeck—Did I? I met my wife while traveling abroad.

Sorrow is an evil with many feet.—Simondides.

CYCLONE FORMATION.

Air Gets Warm and Light, and the Mechanical Laws Are the Same as in a Whirlpool.

Any one can make the exact counterpart of a cyclone if he so desires. Of course a cyclone is caused by the air over a big area getting warm and light with small pressure. This air consequently tries to rise almost in a body and leaves a partial vacuum behind, but the outside cold air rushes in from all sides. Now, it is a scientific and mechanical truth that when a fluid runs in from all sides toward a central point it causes a whirlpool or rotation of the fluid. The exact analogy of a cyclone, then, although with the fluid water instead of air, is seen when the stopper is pulled out of the bottom of a basin full of water. An almost perfect vacuum, as far as the water is concerned, is caused by the water immediately over the stopper running out. The rest of the water rushes in from all directions, and a whirlpool is the result. There is one difference here from the air cyclone. In the air the force with which it rushes toward the center greatly compresses the air whirling at that point and makes it very dense—so dense, in fact, that a straw carried in the central whirl can be driven into a big block of wood without bending. Of course in a whirlpool the water is not compressed, remaining practically the same in density all the time. That is one highly important property of water; it is practically incompressible. Nevertheless it is very interesting to see the whirl form in a basin and know that the mechanical laws are the same as in the formation of a cyclone many miles wide.—Harper's Weekly.

NEW JERSEY TEA.

Red Root, That Did Good Service in Revolutionary Days.

You housekeepers of today whose favorite brands of Orange Pekoe, English Breakfast, India and Ceylon, etc., diffuse their fragrance over your tea table would hardly suppose that tea, or, rather, a fairly good substitute for it, was once made from the leaves of one of our prettiest New Jersey wild flowers. Yet so it was in the old turbulent days of the American Revolution, when they had so much trouble over the imported article and used various beverages as substitutes for that to which they had become accustomed.

New Jersey tea, or red root, as it is also called, is a low growing shrub with many branches, seldom over three feet high, and is found from Canada to Florida, growing usually in dry wooded sections. It is very abundant in New Jersey, for which it is named. It blooms profusely in July and is so showy, with its many paled white blossoms, as to be quite worth a place in the gardens as an ornamental shrub. It has a dark red, with leaves downy beneath and very much veined, by which it is easily distinguished from the pure tea. An infusion of the leaves prepared in the same manner as the genuine article has somewhat the taste of ordinary grades of the tea of the orient, but is not supposed to possess any of its stimulating properties.—Exchange.

Bulwer Lytton and His Chorus.

The Princess von Racowitsa met Bulwer Lytton in the Riviera toward the end of the fifties. He was then, she says in her autobiography, "past his first youth; his fame was at its zenith. He seemed to me antediluvian, with his long dyed curls and his old fashioned dress. He dressed exactly in the fashion of the twenties, with long coats reaching to the ankles, knee breeches and long colored waistcoats. Also he appeared always with a young lady who adored him and who was followed by a manservant carrying a harp. She sat at his feet and appeared, as he did, in the costume of 1830, with long flowing curls, called Anglaise. He read aloud from his own works, and in especially poetic passages his 'Alice' accompanied him with arpeggios on the harp."

A Tree Climbing Dog.

A government official in Bavaria connected with the forestry department has a wonderful dog, which is as clever at climbing trees as a cat. If his master fastens a handkerchief up in the treetops the animal will clamber up after it in the nimblest way and never fails to bring it down. He was taught by his mother, who was famous as a tree climber. The clever animal has won several medals by his extraordinary talent and takes particular delight in climbing silver birches, not the easiest tree in the world to scale, for the trunk is particularly smooth and slippery.—Wide World Magazine.

The Alternative.

Figg—My wife wants a new silk dress.

Fogg—Are you going to let her have it?

Figg—Yes. It's a case of silks or sulks.—Boston Transcript.

The Silver Lining.

"In life troubles will come which look as if they would never pass away. The night and the storm look as if they would last forever, but the coming of the calm and the morning cannot be stayed."

Unreasonable.

Mrs. Sharpe (severely)—Norah, I can find only seven of these plates. Where are the other five? Cook (in surprise)—Sure, mum, don't ye make no allowance for ordinary wear an' tear?

THE DEAREST GIFT.

A Pathetic Incident in the Life of Robert Browning Told by an American Traveler in Italy.

A young American woman was traveling one day in an Italian railway coach, the only other occupant of the compartment being an elderly gentleman. Observing the interest of the young woman in the country through which they were passing and seeing also that it was new to her, the more experienced traveler pointed out objects and places of note.

From scenery the conversation drifted to books and authors, until something suggested to the young American one of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's sonnets, which she quoted.

She was astonished and abashed because the gentleman made no reply, but during the rest of the ride sat looking intently out of the window, having apparently forgotten the very existence of his traveling companion.

As they neared the station where the young lady was to leave the car she said timidly:

"I fear, sir, that I have offended you. Perhaps you do not like Mrs. Browning's poetry."

The man slowly turned upon her tear dimmed eyes, and in a voice full of emotion he said:

"Madam, that sonnet is the sweetest, as its singer was the dearest, gift God ever gave to me."

Her traveling companion was Robert Browning.—Youth's Companion.

A CURIOUS ANIMAL.

The Sea Cucumber Can Part With and Replace Its Organs.

Among the curious animals which inhabit the sea we may take the holothuria, or sea cucumber, so called from its resemblance to the cucumber.

When this animal is attacked by an enemy it does not stand up and fight, but by a sudden movement it ejects its stomach, digestive apparatus and nearly all its intestines and then shrivels its body up to almost nothing. When, however, the danger is past the animal commences to replace the organs which it has voluntarily parted with, and in a short time the animal is as perfect as ever it was.

Dr. Johnstone kept one in water for a long time, and one day he forgot to change the water. The creature in consequence ejected its intestines and shriveled up, but when the water was changed all its organs were reproduced. Although the animal is not eaten in Europe, it is a favorite with the Chinese, and the fishing forms an important part of the industry of the east. Thousands of junks are annually used in fishing for trepang, as the animals are called.—London Tit-Bits.

Cows That Never Drink.

The "wild cow" of Arabia, in reality an antelope, the *Beatrix oryx*, is said never to drink, which is probably correct, for unless these animals can descend the wells they can find no drinking water for ten months in the year. There is no surface water, and rain falls but precariously during the winter. Only once during my journey did I find a pool of rainwater, caught in a hollow rock, and even this I should have passed by without knowing of its existence had not my camels sniffed it from a distance and obstinately refused to be turned from going in that direction. These antelope, however, are provided by nature with a curious food supply, especially designed as a thirst quencher. This is a parasite which grows on the roots of the desert bushes and forms a long spadix full of water and juice. The antelope dig deep holes in the sand in order to get at these.—Wide World Magazine.

Easily Explained.

"They have to admit in the old world," said a New York theatrical man, "that we've got them beaten on every count. Talk to them about the matter and they can only quibble."

"Oh, yes," said an English banker to me the other day, "you've got a great country, the greatest country in the world, there's no denying that."

"Then he gave a nasty laugh."

"But look at your fires," he said. "Your terrible fires are a disgrace to mankind."

"Oh, your fires," said I, "are due to the friction caused by our rapid growth."

Kindness to Animals.

"What I believe in," said Mr. Erasmus Plinky, "is kindness to dumb animals."

"Yes," replied Miss Miami Brown, "I have hyubed dat some folks kin lift a chicken off de roos' so gentle an tender dat he won't have his sleep disturbed sk'a'sely none."—Washington Star.

Spiteful.

"Yes," said the engaged girl, "Dick is very methodical. He gives me one kiss when he comes and two when he goes away."

"That's always been his way," returned her dearest friend. "I've heard lots of girls comment on it."

Thus it happens that they cease to speak to each other.

Fell In With the Argument.

"The leading question," said the colonel, "is the financial one."

"Right," replied the major, "and I was just about to ask you to add \$5 to that \$10 I borrowed from you yesterday."—Uncle Remus Magazine.

Trouble springs from idleness and grievous toll from needless ease.—Franklin.

A DEED OF DARING.

One Man Swam to Sinking Vessel Twenty-seven Times, Returning Every Time With a Human Being.

A historic case of daring and endurance rarely equaled in life saving annals was that of the rescue of twenty-seven souls by one man in 1867. The fishing schooner Sea Clipper was driven by the tempest against a reef near the Spotted Islands on that coast and speedily went to pieces. Captain William Jackman, in charge of a fishing crew at these islands, had wandered in a direction he had never been before as if by inspiration and suddenly saw the whole tragedy enacted before his eyes. Hurrying his one companion back to the fishing station to summon help, he plunged into the howling swirl himself and eleven times swam to the ship. Each time he took back a human being to safety, battling splendidly against wind and tide.

Then help arrived, but no means was available of communicating with the vessel, so Jackman fastened a rope around his waist and made fifteen more trips, returning with a castaway on each occasion. It was then discovered that a woman had been overlooked and left on board, and the belief was expressed that she was dead, but he declared that he would not leave her there, living or dead. Accordingly he plunged into the surf again and soon bore the hapless creature to the shore, where, divesting himself of his flannels, he wrapped them round her, as she was almost at death's door. She expired a few hours later, but lived long enough to thank her preserver for his noble efforts in her behalf.—Wide World Magazine.

BROUGHT UP HOT WATER.

The Friction of the Boat Made the Ocean Almost Boil.

The steamship was speeding over seas with a record breaking list of passengers when one of the gay, young and inquiring girls who are found on every trip skipped up to the captain and asked:

"Captain, are we really going fast? It seems as if we were just crawling."

"Fast," answered the captain gruffly, "of course we're going fast. With nothing to see but water and sky you can't judge our speed, but my dear young lady, the friction of the boat is so great it makes the water hot as if."

"I don't believe it," giggled the girl, and the captain, with a great show of indignation, called for a rope and bucket to prove his words. These brought, he slung the pall down aft of the vessel directly under the draught of the galley, where hot water runs all day, and brought it up smoking, to the astonishment of the awestruck girl.

A long, lean Yankee who had been watching the performance then came forward and drawled, "Say, cap, that must make you change your course mighty often."

"Change my course?" blustered the captain. "What would I change my course for?"

"Well," said the Yankee slowly, "so darn much friction as that must wear the ocean out mighty quick."—Philadelphia Times.

Sugar.

Our word "sugar" is said to be derived from the Arabic "sukkar," the article itself having got into Europe through the Arabian Mohammedans, who overran a great part of the world in the seventh, eighth and ninth centuries. According to Dr. Van Lippman, a Dutch writer, as a result of the Arab invasion of Persia sugar found its way into Arabia, whence again its culture was carried to Cyprus, Rhodes, Sicily and Egypt. In the last named country the preparation of sugar was greatly improved, and the Egyptian product became widely famous. From Egypt the industry spread along the northern coasts of Africa and so entered Spain, where, about the year 1150, some fourteen refineries were in operation. Columbus introduced sugar cane into the new world.—Argonaut.

His Bad Dream.

Truly oriental was the defense put forward by a prisoner at Alipore. Charged with stealing a Hindu idol with its ornaments, he stated that the goddess told him in a dream the night before that, as she was not properly worshipped by the Hindu priest, she would be better taken care of by him, a Mohammedan, and that unless he took charge of her worship she would in her wrath destroy his whole family. The magistrate, however, was not satisfied with the story and sentenced the accused to two months' rigorous imprisonment and to pay a fine.—Bombay Gazette.

When the Loss Was Felt.

Wife (on returning home after a long visit)—Have you noticed that my husband missed me much while I was away, Mary? Maid—Well, mum, I didn't notice that he felt your absence much at first, but this last day or two he has certainly seemed very down-hearted, mum.

He Promised.

Sutton—No, can't spare the money very well, but I'll lend it to you if you promise not to keep it too long. Gay-boy—I'll undertake to spend every penny of it before tomorrow.—Washingtonian.

Feeding the Fish.

Disgusted Fisherman (emptying his bait into the stream)—Hanged if I'll wait on you any longer! Here, help yourselves.—Life.

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Ox Marrow.

We want our readers to patronize us; it helps all around. The Ozonized Ox Marrow Co. advertises in this paper, and when you want a first-class dressing for kinky, harsh and unruly hair, go to your druggist's and get a bottle of Ford's Hair Pomade, 25c or 50c a bottle.

House and Herrman.

The 134th anniversary of the birth of the Stars and Stripes was observed by the Government departments, patriotic societies and schools throughout the District last Wednesday.

Wilberforce Orchestra.

The finest orchestra in the city is the Wilberforce. It is composed of educated young men, studying professions. The music by this orchestra is first class. You should hear it.

INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ON THE NEGRO.

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, April 17, 18 and 19, 1912.

For some years past I have had in mind to invite here from different parts of the world—from Europe, Africa, the West Indies and North and South America—persons who are actively interested or directly engaged as missionaries, or otherwise, in the work that is going on in Africa and elsewhere for the education and upbuilding of Negro peoples.

For this purpose it has been determined to hold at Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, April 17, 18 and 19, 1912, a little more than a year from this time, an international conference on the Negro. Such a conference as this will offer the opportunity for those engaged in any kind of service in Africa, or the countries above mentioned, to become more intimately acquainted with the work and the problems of Africa and these other countries. Such a meeting will be valuable and helpful, also, in so far as it will give opportunity for a general interchange of ideas in organizing and systematizing the work of education of the native peoples in Africa and elsewhere and the preparation of teachers for that work. Wider knowledge of the work that each is doing should open means of co-operation that do not now exist.

The object of calling this conference at Tuskegee Institute is to afford an opportunity for studying the

methods employed in helping the Negro people of the United States, with a view of deciding to what extent Tuskegee and Hampton methods may be applied to conditions in these countries, as well as to conditions in Africa.

It is hoped that numbers of people representing the different governments interested in Africa and the West Indies, as well as representatives from the United States and the countries of South America, will decide to attend this conference. Especially is it urged that missionary and other workers in these various countries be present and take an active part in the deliberations of the conference.

It is desirable, in any case, to have any suggestions as to what might be done to make the work of the conference more helpful to all concerned. The names of persons who would like to be present, with whom you are acquainted, will be appreciated, and through you they are invited to be present and take part in the deliberations of the conference.

Those who come to Tuskegee properly accredited will be welcomed and entertained as guests of the institution, and will be under no expense during their stay here.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

Principal, Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.

Elephant Threnodies.

The natives of certain portions of south central Africa, says the Duchess of Aosta in Harper's Weekly, look on the death of an elephant as an event. They attach an almost religious aspect to it. "As soon as the animal stalked is stretched out on the ground the hunters climb upon the huge, still warm body and there perform a dance, gesticulating and shaking their guns, accompanied by a sort of litany, in which they extol the animal and his qualities, his strength, his size, his cunning; then they praise the skill of the hunter, his prompt eye, his accurate shot. And this song is just murmured, as if they were afraid that if they raised their voices they would attract the curse of the spirit which has just left the animal and is still floating round him."

How Parchment Came to Be Used.

When the literary jealousy of the Egyptians caused them to stop the supply of papyrus, the king of Pergamos, a city in Asia Minor, introduced the use of sheepskin in a form called, from the place of its invention, pergament, whence our word parchment is believed to be derived. Vellum, a finer article, made from calfskin, was also used. Many of the books done on vellum in the middle ages were transcribed by monks, and often it took years to complete a single copy.

Proof.
"I'm after the gas bill."
"Gee! My husband forgot to leave the check—he's just gone."
"Are you sure he forgot to leave it?"
"Yes; he told me so just as he went."
—Cleveland Leader.

One of Many.
"Then you think you won't have permanent place in her heart?"
"I'm just a notch on her parasol handle; that is all."
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

High Art.
"Are you blind, prisoner?" inquired the magistrate.
"Yes, your worship."
"You are charged with vagrancy. How did you lose your sight?"
"By a fit of appleplex, str."
"But there is a picture on your breast representing an explosion in a mine, through which, it is stated, you became blind. How is this?"
"Please, your worship, I couldn't afford to pay a hartist as could paint appleplex."
—London Answers.

Where the Trouble Was.
"Some mis'bul sinner took an' runned off wid de collection hat las' meetin' day," said Brother Dickey, "an' I well knows dat ef dar wus no sich place e hell de good Lawd would make on for dat sinner."
"Was there much money in the hat?"
"No, suh; day warn't so much ez brass button in it."
"Then why are you so mad about it?"
"Hit wuz my hat," he said.—Atlantic Constitution.

NOISE OF THUNDER.

Professor Trowbridge Declares That It Is Due to Heating of Gases Along the Line of Electric Discharge.

To Professor Trowbridge we owe an experiment to explain the noise of thunder. It has usually been thought that the noise is caused by the closing up of the vacuum created by the passage of lightning, the air rushing in from all sides with a clap, but the intensity of the noise is rather disproportionate, and it is now supposed that the thunder is due to the intense heating of the gases, especially the gas of water vapor along the line of the electric discharge, and the consequent conversion of suspended moisture into steam at enormous pressure.

In this way the crackle with which a peal of thunder sometimes begins might be regarded as the sound of steam explosions on a small scale, caused by inductive discharges before the main flash. The rumble would be the overlapping steam explosions, and the final clap, which soundest loudest, would be the steam explosion nearest to the auditor. In the case of rumbling thunder the lightning is passing from cloud to cloud. When the flash passes from the earth to the clouds the clap is loudest at the beginning.

Professor Trowbridge gave substance to these suppositions by causing electric flashes to pass from point to point through terminals clothed in soaked cotton wool, and he succeeded in magnifying the crack of the electric spark to a terrifying extent.—London Graphic.

THE BIG DIPPER.

It Is the Hour Hand of the Woodman's Celestial Clock.

The pole star is really the most important of the stars in our sky. It marks the north at all times. It alone is fixed in the heavens. All the other stars seem to swing around it once in twenty-four hours.

But the pole star of Polaris is not a very bright one, and it would be hard to identify but for the help of the so-called pointers in the "Big Dipper," or "Great Bear." The outer rim of the dipper points nearly to Polaris at a distance equal to three times the space that separates the two stars of the dipper's outer side. Various Indians called the pole star the "Home Star" and the "Star That Never Moves," and the dipper they call the "Broken Back." The "Great Bear" is also to be remembered as the pointers for another reason. It is the hour hand of the woodman's clock. It goes once around the north star in about twenty-four hours, the reverse way of the hands of a watch—that is, it goes the same way as the sun—and for the same reason—that it is the earth that is going and leaving them behind.—Country Life in America.

A Blow Arrested.

An organist who on the eve of a festival was taken suddenly ill secured a deputy to take his place. The deputy, on the authority of St. James' Budget, was a gentleman who played a very full organ, playing full chords where his principal played only single notes, and consequently using a much larger quantity of wind.

When about three parts through with the "Hallelujah Chorus" the wind suddenly gave out. Going round to the back of the organ to ascertain the reason, the deputy found the blower in the act of putting on his coat preparatory to going home.

"What do you mean by such behavior?" the deputy angrily expostulated.
"Look here, sir," the blower returned with warmth, "if you think I don't know 'ow many puffs it takes to blow the 'Alleluiah Chorus' you make a big mistake!"

Helped the Thief.

"A simple, honest Scotch farmer had taken a sack of meal to dispose of in Aberdeen castle market," says Mrs. Mayo in her "Recollections of Fifty Years." "It was in the days when people were hanged for any petty theft, and an execution was in progress, the culprit being a sheep stealer. The worthy countryman stood aghast when a stranger bustled up with the question:
"What's a do?"
"A hanging," said the other, awed, "for stealing a sheep."
"Eh, what won't folks risk for gear!" cried the stranger. "Will ye just give me a hand up with this sack?"
The farmer promptly complied. It was only afterward that he discovered he had helped a thief to make off with the sack of meal he had brought to sell."

Force of an Oil Well.

Oil has been ejected from the Baku wells with such force and accompanied with so much sand that steel blocks twelve inches thick placed over the mouth of the well to deflect the flow were perforated in a few hours and had to be replaced. The casing with which the wells were lined was often torn to shreds and eventually collapsed, and hundreds of thousands of tons of sand which accumulated in the vicinity necessitated the services of large bodies of workmen.—London Mail.

A Safe Bet.

A man can never guess how big the hats or sleeves or skirts of women will be next season, but he stands ready to bet that no fashion center can make big shoes for women popular.—Athol Globe.

"The easiest thing I know of," says the philosopher of folly, "is to begin to save up some money next month."
—Cleveland Leader.

FUN IN THE HOME.

Bring to It Bright Pictures and Pleasant Thoughts and Bar Out Business Worries.

Whatever your lot in life, keep joy with you, says Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine. It is a great healer. Sorrow, worry, jealousy, envy, bad temper, create friction and grind away the delicate human machinery so that the brain loses its cunning.

Half the misery in the world would be avoided if the people would make a business of having plenty of fun at home instead of running everywhere else in search of it.

"Now For Rest and Fun." "No Business Troubles Allowed Here." These are good home building mottoes. When you have had a perplexing day, when things have gone wrong with you and you go home at night exhausted, discouraged, blue, instead of making your home miserable by going over your troubles and trials just bury them. Instead of dragging them home and making yourself and your family unhappy with them and spoiling the whole evening, just lock everything that is disagreeable in your office.

Just resolve that your home shall be a place for bright pictures and pleasant memories, kindly feelings toward everybody and "a coking good time" generally. If you do this you will be surprised to see how your vocation or business wrinkles will be ironed out in the morning and how the crooked things will be straightened.

THE COTTON GIN.

Whitney Got the Idea From the Work of an Old Negro.

Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin, got the germ of his great idea from seeing through the interstices of a hut an old negro work a hand saw among the freshly picked cotton stored within.

The teeth of the saw tore the lint from the seed easily and quickly, and young Whitney (he was barely thirteen at the time) realized at once that a machine working a number of similar saws simultaneously would revolutionize the cotton growing industry.

He said nothing to anybody, but set to work building models and experimenting. His difficulties were enormous, for he not only had to make his own wheels, cogs, etc., but he had also first to forge his own tools and even to manufacture the paint wherewith to color his many plans and drawings.

But he succeeded in the end, and, though the outbreak of war and other hindrances prevented the invention from being actually placed upon the market until many years afterward, the first complete cotton gin ever constructed was built from those very models and plans and with scarcely a single alteration.

The Springbok.

A peculiarity of that most beautiful of South African antelopes the springbok is that it always leaps over human tracks. It is at once exceedingly shy and marvelously active, and the reason for this strange antic is its intense suspicion of any possible enemies, among whom it has come to recognize man as the most dangerous. It is not only with human tracks that the springbok goes through this performance, for it does the same with the tracks of lions or even when it gets wind of a lion. The leap is exceedingly graceful, and the animal covers from twelve to fifteen feet at each bound. It drops on all four feet at once and immediately rises again, making a clear spring without any run. Its usual gait when not pursued is a light springy trot. The springbok usually travels with its nose to the ground, as if constantly on the lookout for the scent of enemies.

A Mole's Nest.

Among common animals few have been less studied in their life history than the mole. Mr. Lionel E. Adams says that under the "fortress" which the mole constructs above the surface of the ground will always be found a series of tunnels running out beneath the adjacent field. A curious feature almost invariably found is a perpendicular run penetrating about a foot below the bottom of the nest and then turning upward to meet another run. A mole is never found in his nest, although it may yet be warm from his body when opened. Guided by smell and hearing, a mole frequently locates the nest of a partridge or pheasant above his run and penetrating it from below, eats the eggs. The adult mole is practically blind, but there are embryonic indications that the power of sight in the race has deteriorated.

A Japanese Peculiarity.

"When a Japanese servant is rebuked or scolded," says a traveler, "he must smile like a Cheshire cat. The etiquette in smiles is very misleading at first. I often used to think that Taki my riksha 'boy,' meant to be impertinent when he insisted on smiling when I was angry at him. But when he told me of the death of his little child with a burst of laughter I knew that this was only one of the curious details of etiquette in this topsy turvy land."

One Definition.

"Papa," asked a little boy, "what is a legal blank?"
"A legal blank, Johnny," replied his father, "is a lawyer who never gets a case."
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Flight.

"Would you take \$10,000 to fly from Albany to New York?"
"Why not? Our cashier took only \$1,000 to fly to Europe."

ADAM'S PEAK.

A Shrine Visited by Thousands and Sacred to Three Conflicting Religious Sects.

Throughout Asia "holy places" are almost as numerous as leaves on a tree, but in Ceylon is a mountain which enjoys the unique distinction of being a very holy place to the devotees of three absolutely distinct and conflicting religious sects. This is Adam's Peak, or Samanala.

According to the Mohammedan belief, Adam, after the fall, was taken by an angel to the top of Samanala, and a panorama of all the ills that through sin should afflict mankind was spread out before him. His foot left an impression on the solid rock, and his tears formed the lake from which pilgrims still drink. The Buddhists contend that it was not Adam, but Buddha himself that made the footprint in the rock, that being the last spot where he touched the earth before ascending to heaven, while the Brahmans have still another legend. All, however, Brahmans, Mohammedans and Chinese, agree that Samanala is a very holy place, and to perform a pilgrimage to the spot is to the Buddhist what a visit to Mecca is to a Mohammedan. In mixed crowds the worshippers come, each plying the ignorance of the other, who is so far from the "true way."

It requires no little faith and some imagination to trace in the depression in the rock the likeness of a human footprint. It is 5 1/2 feet long by 2 1/4 feet wide, on the top of a huge boulder. The natives, however, insist that it is the footprint of Adam.—Emmett Campbell Hall in Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

MINIATURE GARDENS.

Tiny Lakes, Trees and Houses in Diminutive Japanese Parks.

The Japanese have the art of dwarfing trees to mere shrubs and of cultivating plants in a similar way. The people take great delight in their miniature gardens, which require a special gardener to keep them down to desired limits. A Japanese garden is generally about ten yards square, and in this small space is found a park and demesne, with lake, summer houses, temples, trees, all complete and in keeping with the dimensions available.

One such garden shows a lake four feet long and full of goldfish. On the border stands a pine tree exactly eighteen inches high and fifty years old. Beneath its shade is a temple carved out of one piece of stone the size of a brick. On a lofty crag of some two and a half feet stands a fine maple tree, perfect in form and shape, fifteen years old and twelve inches high.

One household in Japan boasts of a complete garden contained in a shallow two dozen wine case. Everything is complete down to the fish in the lake, a sheet of water only a few inches square, and the footbridges over the water courses. Tea houses there are and numerous trees of various kinds, each about six inches in height. Old as the hills are these diminutive trees, but full of vitality, and yet never growing bigger.—New York Press.

One Consolation.

During the time he acted as United States consul in Glasgow Bret Harte occasionally indulged in a day's sport with the gun, and it was during one of his shooting excursions that the humorist met with an accident which might have disfigured him for the remainder of his life, his face being badly cut through the recoil of an overloaded gun. Fortunately the doctor's skill prevented him from being permanently marked.

Writing about the occurrence to his friend, T. Edgar Pemberton, who quotes the letter in his "Tribute to Bret Harte," the novelist concludes his letter by telling of an amusing effort which was made to console him on account of the accident.

"When the surgeon was stitching me together," he wrote, "the son of the house, a boy of twelve, came timidly to the door of my room."
"Tell Mr. Bret Harte it's all right," he said. "He killed the hare."

Artificial Flowers.

It was in Italy that a demand for artificial flowers first arose. This was due primarily to a caprice of fashion which demanded that during festivals blossoms in and out of their seasons should be worn and also to the fact that their color and freshness were stable. Later on, in the middle ages, the artificial so far superseded the natural that both men and women decked their heads with imitation flowers of cambric, paper, glass and metal.

Spiteful.

At a local picture show a painter hung a notice under his highly prized landscape, "Do not touch with canes or umbrellas." Some one who was not an admirer of his works added to the notice, "Take an ax!"

Disagreeable Economy.

Husband—You are not economical. Wife—Well, if you don't call a woman economical who saves her wedding dress for a possible second marriage I'd like to know what you think economy is like.

An Inside Outing.

Wigg—The best outing a man can take is an ocean trip. Wagg—Yes, an outing for the inner man as well.—Philadelphia Record.

To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.—Campbell.

PICKING HUSBANDS.

A Woman's Cynical View of the German Marriage Market, Where Men Wait to Be Purchased.

The men in Germany do not marry. They are married. They are more or less passive articles of sale, which stand in rows in the matrimonial shop window with their price labeled in large letters in their buttonhole, waiting patiently for a purchaser. They are perfectly willing, even eager, victims. They want to be bought, but their position does not allow them to grasp the initiative, and they are thankful when at last some one comes along and declares herself capable and willing to pay the price.

The girl and her mother, with their purse in hand, pass the articles in review and choose out the one which best suits their means and fancy.

"I shall marry an officer," one girl told me some time ago with the easy confidence of a person about to order a new dress, and, lo and behold, before the year was out she was walking proudly on the arm of a dragon lieutenant! I even knew of three women who swore to each other that they would marry only geniuses, and here also they had their will. One married a great painter, one a poet and another a famous diplomatist. That they were all three peculiarly unhappy is not a witness against the system, but a proof that geniuses may occasionally be very uncomfortable partners. In this case the purchasers were rich and popular and could therefore make their choice. Others of lesser means would have had to content themselves with an officer, cavalry or infantry, according to the "dot," or a lawyer, or a doctor, or a merchant, and so on down the scale.—Miss Wylie's "My German Year."

ODDLY EXPRESSED.

Queer Ways in Which Ideas Are Sometimes Put Into Words.

Curious ways of expressing ideas in English may be expected from foreigners, as, for instance, when the Frenchman, who made a call in the country and was about to be introduced to the family, said: "Ah, ze ladies! Zen I would before, if you please, wish to purify mine 'ands and to sweep mine hair."

A Scotch publican was complaining of his servant maid. He said that she could never be found when wanted. "She'll gang out o' the house," he said, "twenty times for once she'll come in."

A countryman went to a menagerie to examine the wild beasts. Several gentlemen expressed the opinion that the orang outang was a lower order of the human species. Hodge did not like this idea and, striding up to the gentleman, expressed his contempt for it in these words: "Pooh! He's no more of the human species than I be."

"Mamma, is that a spoiled child?" asked a little boy on seeing a negro baby for the first time.

A shop exhibits a card warning everybody against unscrupulous persons "who infringe our title to deceive the public." The shopman does not quite say what he means any more than the proprietor of an eating house near the dock, on the door of which may be read the following announcement conveying fearful intelligence to the gallant tars who frequent this port: "Sailors' vitals cooked here."—Philadelphia North American.

Definition of True Humor.

The sense of humor is the "saving sense" principally because it saves us from ourselves. The person who cannot laugh at himself now and then is to be pitied. Moreover, the person who cannot take good naturedly the occasional bantering of others is in the same class of disagreeables. A well directed shaft of raillery will often find the vulnerable point in our armor of self complacency and show us where our self satisfaction is all wrong. True humor, however, must spring as much from the heart as from the head. Its essence must be truth and friendliness, not contempt. There never was a good joke yet that told a lie or besmirched a reputation. Humor which carries with it a sting to wound the sensitiveness or delicacy of one who does not deserve to suffer is not true humor.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Professional Instinct.

"Romeo and Juliet," with the original company, had reached its crucial moment. Juliet was staggering about the stage, regarding her afflicted lover.

"Oh, cruel poison!" she wailed. She raised her lover for a moment in her arms.

A wildly excited medical student in the gallery sprang to his feet.

"Keep him up, Juliet—keep him up!" he bellowed. "I'll run out and fetch the stomach pump!"

A Run of Luck.

Violet—I never had such a streak of luck. He fell in love in Paris, proposed in Rome and bought the ring in Naples. Pierrot—Did your luck end there? Violet—Oh, no! While we were at Monte Carlo he won enough from papa for us to get married on.—London Illustrated Bits.

A Misnomer.

It is becoming daily more dangerous to refer to the "weaker sex" on account of the increasing doubt in the reader's mind which sex is meant.—London Saturday Review.

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfill another.

JAMES F. BUNDY, ATTORNEY.

Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, Holding Probate Court.
Estate of Charles Blackstone, deceased, No. 18,123.

Application having been made here-in for probate of the last will and testament of said deceased, and for letters testamentary on said estate, by William A. Taylor, it is ordered this 11th day of July, A. D., 1911, that Matilda Blackstone, John Blackstone, Mary Blackstone, and all others concerned, appear Oscar Blackstone and William Blackstone said Court on Monday, the 21st day of August, A. D., 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m., to show cause why such application should not be granted. Let notice hereof be published in the Washington Law Reporter and The Washington Bee once in each of three successive weeks before the return day herein mentioned—the first publication to be not less than thirty days before said return date.

THOS. H. ANDERSON, Justice.
Attest:
JAMES TANNER,
Register of Wills for the District of Columbia, Clerk of the Probate Court.
JAMES F. BUNDY,
Attorney.

L. MELENDEZ KING, ATTORNEY

Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, Holding Probate Court.
No. 18,123, Administration

This is to Give Notice:
That the subscriber, of the District of Columbia has obtained from the Probate Court of the District of Columbia, letters of administration on the estate of John Scott, late of the District of Columbia, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with vouchers thereof, legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 10th day of July, A. D., 1911; otherwise they may be excluded from all benefit of said estate.
Given under my hand this 10th day of July, 1911.
Lizette Scott Jones, 498 K St., S. W.
Attest: JAMES TANNER,
Register of Wills for the District of Columbia, Clerk of Probate Court.

JONES & WARING ATTORNEYS

In the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia
Edmonia Baker vs James Baker, Clara Berton Co. No. 30,84, Equity Doc. 66

The object of this suit is to obtain a divorce from the bonds of matrimony between Edmonia Baker and James Baker on the grounds of adultery. On motion of the complainant, it is this 10th day of July, 1911, ordered that the defendant James Baker and the Co-respondent, Clara Berton, cause their appearance to be entered herein on the fortieth day, extending of Sunday and legal holidays, occurring after the first publication of this order; otherwise the cause will be proceeded with as in case of default. Provided, a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks in the Washington Law Reporter, and the Washington Bee before said day.
THOS. H. ANDERSON, Justice
A True Copy. Test:
J. E. Young, Clerk
P. E. Cunningham, Asst. Clerk

Afue McDowell

Attorney and Counselor-at-Law

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